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#4

ABSOLUTE UNDERGROUND

JUNE/JULY 2005 - ABSOLUTELY FREE

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AGNOSTIC FRONT



IN THIS ISSUE

ENCHANTED FAERIES

*Chicks
IN THE PIT*



THE REBEL SPELLE

MITOCHONDRION

& Lots
More!



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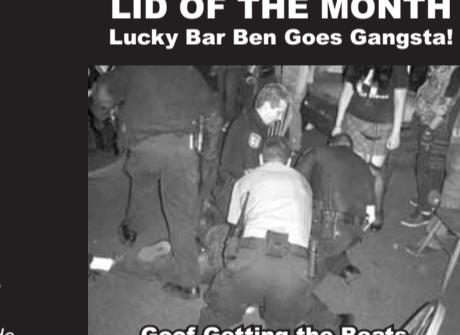
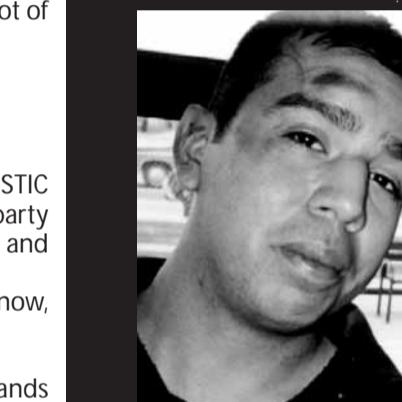
GHYUB ZK KJOZUZOGB

OUR ABSOLUTE TRIBUTES



ROCK VIXEN OF THE MONTH
Kelly from
Victoria's Killing Flaw

SKANK OF THE MONTH
Double Bag It!



Goof Getting the Beats...

GOOF THE MONTH
This was the idiot who started all the
shit at Logan's, got beat by the cops
and made us miss Hong Kong Blonde

Issue # 4 eh...

The last two months have been deadly! I saw MOTORHEAD again... I saw AGNOSTIC FRONT again... the VIBRATORS. LID's ten year anniversary party ruled. Went to a killer party at the S.I.C.K. house. Saw some crazy shit go down at Logan's pub... SIP YEKNOM and LUMOX played a show together... who says we don't get any shows on the island? SUMMER IS HERE... it's all good. We're workin on a website, it's kind of hurtin' right now, but we're workin on it... it's at <http://www.tourvic.com/absoluteunderground/>

Also, in August we got an Absolute Underground benifit show planned. Any bands interested in playing should e-mail us at absoluteunderground@hotmail.com.

Hope you're down with Absolute #4. See you at TOM JONES and TOWER OF POWER.

LETTERS TO THE SHREDITORS

Picked mine up at Backstage Pass on Broad street, just found this place, great for punk/metal shit... Anyfuckingwhere... The zine's looking sharp and holy shit there's something worth reading inside... DAMN! The story of The Dayglo's down under is well worth the pick up, READ how the real rockstars tour and party. I laughed my bag off! Those fucking punkers what the hell can yea say but... yo sum craza fuks!

The review on the Tegan & Sara concert is a riot!
Gets better every issue... now who do I speak to about becoming a judge at the next Weed Olympics? I'll have you know I'm a certified Cannabisologist with many years of in (or on) field training.

Great read. Just pick one up... they're free.
Xy satan

Just came out, and there's lots to read!!! In this issue: Interview with Self Inflicted, Interview with Strapping Young Lad, Spitfire Tattooist Interview (I think), Absolute Album Reviews (YAY! They reviewed both the Dayglo Abortions and Moneyshot CDs!!!), Live reviews including 3 reviews from Jay Brown, Dayglo Abortions 2005 Australian Tour Diary (WOOL) including Bonehead and his biggest fan, Trailer Park Boys Before Sunnyvale, S.T.R.E.T.S. (a review of skatin' in late January 1985) written by Dustin Jak VI 13 and an interview by P.Ness ;), an interview with Pro-Skater Keegan Sauder, interview with the punk band The Excessives, Absolute Horror, The Weed Olympics, Victoria Crossword, and lots of ads and stuff. Pick it up and ENJOY!!!!

Hey Ira, A friend of mine (Emily Kandy) does some writing for your magazine. I had the chance to check it out the other day. Pretty good. You definitely have the Nerve beat. -Ed



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WE STARTED... WE DRANK... 10 YRS WENT BY... WE STILL DRINK

X-Topher says: What's up with the new album? And what's the title?

Minister Of Partyin Down says:

The new CD is sittin At The Rats Nest 93% done so it'll be around before anyone knows it and I hope to hold the release at Lucky Bar. So not too much longer. For the name were thinkin, STILL HASN'T GOTTON WEIRD ENOUGH FOR ME, a quote from the Hunter S. Thompson movie thing with Bill Murray, Where the Buffalo Roam.

X-Topher says: Tell us about the new songs.

Minister Of Partyin Down says: They're new. LoL. It's not much different than the old stuff, just maybe we're better at playing n' putting more words in now that I don't play bass. They're yer ol standard fast, straight up L.I.D. songs and there are a few different 1's that we tried out, to mix it up a bit, to make people not so mad in the pit n' let the girls come out n' party too.

X-Topher says: 10 more years of LID?

Minister Of Partyin Down says: HELL YA. I like the way it's set up now, with Spider on Bass and Ian on guitar, we are getting more done now than ever.

X-Topher says: There's rumor of a Scotland tour?

Minister Of Partyin Down says: It's still in the works. Should be this year I hope. I'm into touring Canada and the UK, but not so much U.S.A. It's too much hassle. Hey, Japan might like L.I.D. LoL.

X-Topher says: How do you like playing all-agers seeing as your band is so old now?

Minister Of Partyin Down says: I find it crazy that kids so young seem to know us or something about us. Some weren't even around when we started. I get older but the chicks stay the same age.

Right: The original LID crew from 10 years ago!



Above: Big Rick says hello...

Right: LID pulled out all the stops for their tenth anniversary show...

Skate Teams,
Drinking Teams,
Bike Gangs...
all have one
thing in
common...

BLOOD & COLORS



Joint and Dust



THE MANY FACES OF CHI PIG



"KILL FOR SATAN"

So Sayeth

The Enchanted Faeries

By: Jaron Evil

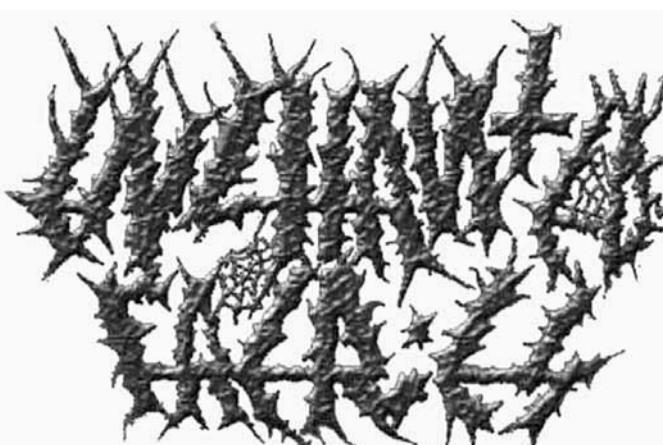
Having spent many a night listening to the blood-curdling growls of Oli of The Enchanted Faeries, backed by a dual guitar assault riddled with distortion and feedback, along with blasting drums and head-hammering bass riffage, I must say that it has come time to write an article on these oft under-appreciated deathgrinders. For the amount of time these guys have been together, they really do deserve more notoriety. So what makes the Faeries so spectacular? Well first of all, they have enormous song-writing talent. Many of their songs come off almost as novelties; Songs such as "Kill For Satan" with its catchy sing-a-long chorus, "Storming The Castle" with its most welcome Tom Araya wails, and "Squirrel Hunter" with its uber-catchy guitar work and tongue-in-cheek attitude. It's songs like these that make The Enchanted Faeries different and dare I say, better, than one's average deathgrind band. What other band would throw peanut butter sandwiches (chunky, not smooth) at their crowd? The Enchanted Faeries are the ONLY deathgrind band I've ever seen with gimmicks. Anyone who saw them perform at Lucky Bar the Halloween of 2004 knows exactly what I mean. Oli wore a homemade latex mask reminiscent of Gwar's Oderus Urungus with a hint of Mortiis. Drummer Ira Peters also had latex facial applications, though his was corpsepainted. Their costumes were very elaborate as well. It was definitely the highlight of the night. If you weren't there, then you missed out big time. As an interesting side-note, in talking with Oli after that show, he had mentioned that his other brother had made all their costumes and make-up.

Despite a tight, crushing sound of metal perfection and amazing live shows, the band fails to take themselves seriously. I remember a private conversation I had with singer Oli Peters not that long ago where I told him that I thought his band was the best metal band on the island. With a giggle, he replied by telling me that he thought they were the worst on the island.

The band's sick sense of humor, ability to really push the envelope, and pure creativity will for sure earn them a place in the hearts of all local metalheads and possibly a place among other local metal legends. And, despite the humble attitudes of the Faeries themselves, they truly deserve to be signed. I can't speak for everyone, but I know at least for myself, an Enchanted Faeries CD would spend a long time in my CD player. In honor of The Faeries' mightiness, I suggest we all band together under the flag of death, and storm the local malls and kill people...for Satan. Asphyxiation by ramming peanut butter sandwiches down their throats! Who's with me?



"I remember a private conversation I had with singer Oli Peters not that long ago where I told him that I thought his band was the best metal band on the island. With a giggle, he replied by telling me that he thought they were the worst on the island."



In the reign of MITOCHONDRION

By: Jaron Evil

Who knew Victoria had such an awesome grind scene? Who knew Victoria had a grind scene? Well until the fateful winter of 2003, it didn't! From the frosty mists of that years grim season, the musical travesty of MITOCHONDRION was wrought! Since then, the gruesome foursome have been keeping the grindcore scene alive and well in Vic. Lead singer Shawn Hache, or as I refer to him, The Vocal Chords Of Corpse-Wielding Death, founded the band early on with sludge-inspired bassist Nick Gibas and black metal man Nick Yanchuk on guitar. The first few jams were done with a drum machine, but as any metal musician knows, a drum machine can only do so much...Enter power metal-influenced Jesse Anderson later that year, completing the punishing act.

I was lucky enough to be able to sit down with bassist Nick Gibas to ask him about the bands influences:

EVIL: So Nick, what sort of stuff do you guys like to listen to in your spare time?

NICK: We're big into Cannibal Corpse, Suffocation, Darkthrone and whatever else we're individually listening to. Shawn is huge into death/grind/war metal, I'm all about sludge and noisecore, Nick (Yanchuk) is into the black metal thing, and Jesse likes power metal and some techno.

EVIL: Wow, that just about covers all of it. (laughs) What do you guys dig about the local metal scene, or the whole local music scene I guess I should say? Any favorite local bands?



NICK: Allfather, Bury Whats Dead, Iskra, Peruke, Enchanted Faeries and of course the mighty Seasons Of Sorrow. (chuckles)

EVIL: (blushes) Fuckin A! (laughs)

With such an onslaught of diverse inspirations, it's no wonder that the band can't agree on what exactly their style of metal is: Deathgrind, grind metal, death metal, etc. I have always referred to them, even in this article, as a grind band, though they DO possess a lot of elements that could classify them in any number of metallic categories.

As far as the bands lyrics go, the song titles say it all! How can you beat songs with names like: "The Beckoning Of Truth And Deceit", "Venomous Foresight", "In The Reign Of Tusk", "In Deaths Other Kingdom", and "Tormented Invocational"! Mitochondrion's mightiness cannot be easily weighed.

As far as Mitochondrion's future is concerned, who can really tell. They will however be entering Autopsy-Turvy Records' studio to record their demo release in the not too distant future. Until then, they will keep plugging away every night, and continue knocking them dead...well, not only knocking them dead, but in THIS bands case, I believe they knock them dead, then cut their heads off and use the flesh off the skulls in bizarre cannibalistic rituals.



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ABSOLUTELY LIVE

Black Label Society - May 1st 2005 Commodore Ballroom, Vancouver - SOLD OUT

Bar owners, police officers, rap music fans - they all were afraid when they saw the veritable sea of Black Label Society clad metalheads descend on downtown Vancouver. Black Label Society, undoubtedly the baddest hard rock/metal outfit on the road has a particularly rabid alcoholics fanbase. After suffering through a forgettable opening band, \$4.75 draft Kokanee and a drawn out wait for Black Label to take the stage, the band opened with "Stoned and Drunk." It was clear from then on, that Black Label was firing on all cylinders.

Musically, some intro and outro solo sections felt drawn out as Zakk (guitar/vocals) laid down a ridiculous barrage of speed shred; causing posers to explode into pink clouds of nothingness. Zakk's patented pentatonic speed attack was incredible to witness. The healthy mosh pit stopped in its tracks when Wylde took the solos. Material from the first few albums (Sonic Brew, Stronger Than Death, 1919 Eternal) was notably lacking, with heavier songs drawn off The Blessed Hellride and Mafia, the latest heavy material. The show stopped halfway through and Zakk sat on the drum riser, playing a medley of acoustic solo material... Once again, totally relaxed playing - Spanish style, chicken-pickin', Hendrix chording... no problem. An easy 10 minute version of "In this River" was played after Wylde told of his last memories of Dimebag. The crowd had been chanting "Dimebag!" and stomping the floor off and on the whole show. The band was in top form, taking the outro of "In This River" right into "Suicide Messiah"... Fucking unbelievable. Other highlights of the night were a jammin' "Speak in the Wheel", crowd singalong on "Mama, I'm Comin' Home" and the heaviest songs of the evening, "Demise of Sanity" and "Genocide Junkies".

Frontman Zakk Wylde (guitarist to Ozzy Osbourne) was refreshingly straight up and was candid in his onstage manner. The whole show felt to me like a garage band jam, very relaxed with no egos. Wylde is forged in 20 years of stadium world tours at Ozzy side and his professionalism shows. The whole band was high energy, smiling and rocking out! Zakk is a prince among rock stars, with strong family values and emphasis on comradery and brotherhood. He voiced his sorrow and regret about the murder of his close friend Dimebag Darrell: mentioned the importance of supporting the armed forces and the value of family and God. A good cat, one of last guitar heroes.

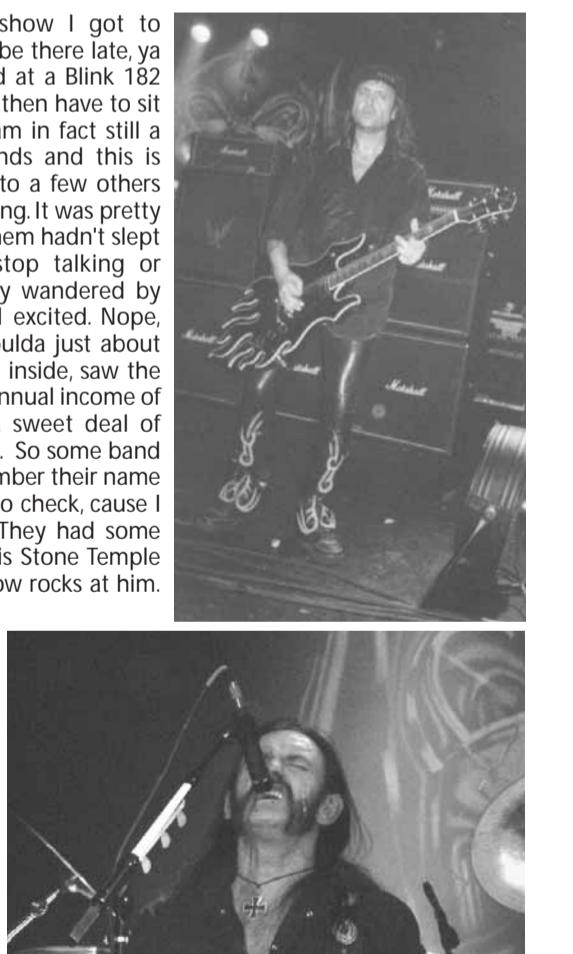
"If you ain't got God and family, you don't have shit!"

If you haven't heard BLS before, grab yourself a 24 and sit down... This is the real shit. Singing, riffing, pianos, acoustics, solos - it's all there. BLS joins Sabbath and Maiden on the Ozzfest mainstage this summer.

- Erik Lindholm

Motorhead, Corrosion of Conformity, 3 Inches of Blood, Damn 13 April 14, Commodore Ballroom

I was so fucking excited for this show I got to Vancouver two days early. Didn't wanna be there late, ya know. So, like a total junior high retard at a Blink 182 show, I get downtown hours early...and then have to sit and wait for the doors to open. Yup, I am in fact still a little kid when it comes to a few bands and this is definitely one of them. At least I ran into a few others from Victoria in the line-up and got to hang. It was pretty comical actually - the fact that most of them hadn't slept in two days and couldn't seem to stop talking or twitching really cracked me up. Lemmy wandered by when we were outside and got me all excited. Nope, didn't get a boner thank god - that woulda just about killed me. So anyway, we finally made it inside, saw the merch tables - forty bucks a shirt or the annual income of some people in poor countries. Still a sweet deal of course, so I fucking bought one anyways. So some band opened the show up...I can't even remember their name right now and I am not even going to go check, cause I didn't like them and don't really care. They had some okay riffs, but that fucking singer and his Stone Temple Pilots rip-offs just made me want to throw rocks at him. For future reference, if you sing in a band and you are playing Vancouver, don't yell out, "VANCOUVER!!!!" in between every song like it's the coolest thing ever. You just look like you have Down syndrome. Three Inches Of Blood were up next, and from moment one the boys owned the room. I ran into Justin earlier in the day downtown and he said he was nervous. Well, let me tell you, he hid it well on stage. There is a reason they are getting so popular - they fucking kicked serious ass. See ya boys when ya get home from touring with Motorhead, then Manowar, you lucky fuckers. Corrosion Of Conformity were next. I was excited to see these guys for one reason and one reason only. I wanted to hear the early shit that I used to listen to back in the day, like "Animosity" and they didn't play any of it! Not a single fucking note! If you like boring metal, which a lot of people seemed to, then you would have loved it. Lameass old fuckers can't even seem to remember that it was us buying the old albums that got them where they are today. Good drumming and that's about it. MOTÖRHEAD! Fucking right - I almost peed my pants right there! But instead I had the forethought to take a bunch of pictures. I have seen them before and they were great last time, but this time the bar was set a hell of a lot



higher and they fucking rose to it. I guess the whole thirtieth anniversary tour thing put some bounce back in their step. They were on fucking fire, played every one of the old classics and played them fucking great. Not to mention a killer drum solo in the middle of the set. Nobody does that shit anymore, so to all you bands with good drummers out there that don't let them play drum solos, you're all a bunch of fags. That's right, I said fags...wooo. Anyway, that's about it. They fucking ruled the world for a couple hours there. I got hammered, saw one of my all time favorite bands, and as if that wasn't good enough, grabbed myself an Agnostic Front ticket while I was standing in the line up to get in. So I will tell y'all all about that fucking show was in a few weeks....

- Jay Brown

Drunk Horse, S.T.R.E.E.T.S., Ladyhawk April 24, Lucky Bar

It was a Sunday night show at Lucky Bar. Maybe this was the reason everyone was standing around like they were hypnotized. After a few pitchers and some jibba jabba, Ladyhawk took the stage. Competent playing, poppy-sounding, mid-pace rock with some nice harmonic vocals. Not my thing, but still well done. Next was the S.T.R.E.E.T.S., who I had come to see. I had heard good things about 'em and finally had a chance to see 'em live. "Just a bunch of dishevelled looking fuckers", I thought, but they had SG's so they obviously meant business. I enjoyed the high-energy material and performance. They sounded like some '77 punk rock crossed with Maiden guitar harmonies. They laid it down. The standout was the final song, an instrumental. I really got a kick out of that. They played a fairly short set though and could have been longer. Once again, the crowd was pissing me off. Don't come to a rock show unless you want to ROCK. It's disrespectful to the band to stand like a bunch of choked out zombies when they are giving you 110%. Maybe the crowd was "too cool" to move around, maybe they had to work tomorrow. It really doesn't matter. Stay home and watch Saved By the Bell reruns then. Closing out the Vancouver contingent was Drunk Horse, out of Oakland, California. These are the RAD tunes. We had the slide guitar happening, desert rock sounds, driving rhythm section. This is my idea of rock 'n roll - early ZZ Top crossed with Kyuss. I'd definitely see them again. Good bands, lame crowd, cold beer, fun night.

- Erik Lindholm

Fluffgirl Burlesque Roadshow and The Switchblade Valentines... April 8, Lucky Bar

Holy crap, I wanted to poke my fucking eyeballs out with dull rusty forks!!!!!! Okay, wait a second, the Switchblade Valentines played a great set as they always do and apparently they thanked me for my last review right before I got there. Guys, keep playing like you do and you'll keep liking my reviews. The Switchblades are a great band so once again, go fucking see them! After the Switchblades finished playing I saw lots of people I knew at Lucky, tons of pretty girls scantly dressed... and a pause between acts that would have made a prima-donna rock star proud. Way to start off bad Fluffgirl Burlesque. Right off the bat, just let me say for future reference, THERE IS A REASON MOST STRIPPERS DONT HAVE MICROPHONES! How about if you're going to be the MC for a show that you learn how to talk to a crowd and maybe figure out something interesting to say instead of making me long for ear plugs. Or an automatic weapon. Yup, when the show finally started it was so good I asked Ben for my money back - three different times. Wouldn't you know my fucking luck it was my best friend's birthday so I had to stick around even though I was in my own personal hell. Of the music the Fluffgirls picked...one song was new country. Give me a fucking break! And the dancing! I have seen better at 3 A.M. in my own bedroom. Hell, I have seen better at 3 A.M. in my neighbour's bedroom window, and they're in their late fifties! If I wanted to see chicks that don't even know what the inside of a gym looks like dance I would have waved a big box of donuts around a Weight Watchers meeting. Did anyone ever think it might be a good idea to actually figure out some choreography for the show? Maybe hire some girls that know how to dance? The show sucked so bad I stopped drinking way early in the evening and left at around 1:30 on my best friend's birthday! Fuck, never before in my life have I bitched about girls getting naked on stage. I didn't even think it was possible. I even came home to looked at porn, but it didn't help. There is no justice....

- Jay Brown

The Vibrators, Gutter Demons, Alcoholic White Trash, May 15, Lucky Bar

I finished up removing the dirty ring from the toilet when I realized that The Vibrators were in town tonight. I quickly washed my hands and put on my best leopard skin skirt, complimented with my safety pinned God Save the Queen t-shirt. The first time I had experienced British punk was back in '83 when the Angelic Upstarts played an all ages at the Advance Centre in Vic West. From time to time the Buzzcocks used to come to town, but British punk acts very rarely play on the island now so tonight was a royal treat!

I was late and missed AWT. These local locos have a new CD out. I reckon if I had more than \$2 in my pocket I might have wandered up to their merch table to see if the CD was available, but money talks and BS walks...although they did have a nice lookin merch girl...I wonder if she's alcoholic white trash? I've never been comfortable with calling people trash, but every time I look in the mirror I do see a white alcoholic! Anyway, AWT are always fun to see and they usually have some aggressive dance floor followers to get drunk on their hardcore music works!

The Gutter Demons are a Psychobilly act from Montreal. Psychobilly is like rockabilly only at 78 RPM. They sing in English with French Canadian accents! They ripped and it is always nice to see these kinds of acts in a punk line-up, mixing it up. I enjoyed this band big time and could easily see them headlining the next time they come to town. Oui, oui!

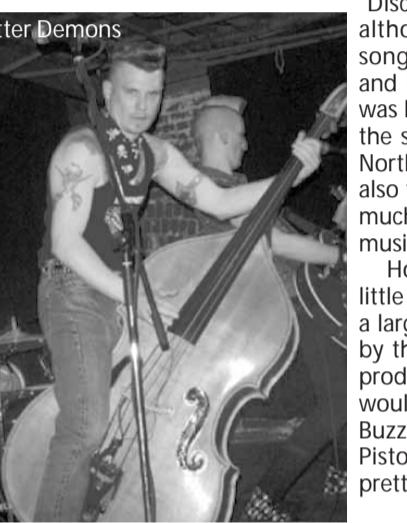
Now the Vibrators... Old School Punk band dating back to '76. Yes, 1976. The Vibrators were making punks pogo dance before slam dancing and way before the invention of the mosh

pit! Just when I thought there was no one old enough to actually know how to pogo to this band, out on the dance floor came one of Victoria's oldest punk rockers, Mike Walker. The Vibrators have a twenty-seven year career with numerous line-up changes and over 15 albums and were on the same bills as the Sex Pistols and Iggy Pop! The band's current line-up features the original singer and the drummer, so it really doesn't get much better than that. The new bass player kinda looked like a member of the Clash, the drummer looked like an old school teacher, and the singer (who is a established British painter) looked like a street person. The band played their big hit "Baby Baby" and the audience sang along to this top ten punk classic. The only other song that I recognized in their set was "Disco in Moscow" although all the songs were great and lots of dancing

was had by the crowd. I spoke to the bass player after the show and he said they have had a good tour of North America, but are tired and want to get home. He also told me the money has been pretty good and as much as he doesn't like to turn his passion for playing music into a job, he still has bills to pay at home.

Hopefully we will see this classic punk outfit in our little town again soon. I did notice the Vibrators drew a large crowd of girls. I wonder if they were misled by the name and were instead hoping to see a new product line of vibrators? Imagine how many girls would have showed if it was a double ender with the Buzzcocks and the Vibrators, with maybe the Sex Pistols thrown in for good measure! Sounds like a pretty horny show to me. BABY BABY!

- whitney houston



Girls with their cropped "vintage" tour tees holding signs, to 45 year old cougars clad in white fringed leather who tapped into their stockpiles of Aquanet for the occasion. Something for everyone, that's Reno for ya.

The greatest thing I think about seeing them on this tour was that I didn't have to sit through an opening band waiting impatiently to have the shit rocked outta me by the Crue. We got to our seats and the lights went out and the place started to freak out. I could feel the anticipation running like electricity through the crowd. In an instant the whole place was on their feet screaming. After a short video about a killer planetoid which Motley Crue tried to save the earth from, the place went completely dark and then the dark beats that start off "Shout at the Devil" rocked through the crowd. With enormous flames shooting up from the stage and scantly clad sluts dancing on the rafters I was fucking hooked. I couldn't believe that I was seeing Motley Crue in person and it didn't require a time machine. Even better than that, they didn't suck! By the time Vince's voice crooned "do you remember" during "Too Fast For Love" and the rest of the building responded with everything they've got "I remember", I knew that all the bad shit I'd been fearing about this show was all in vain. Vince's voice was a bit strained in the beginning, but he definitely warmed up to the task and didn't need the audience singing along to every word of every song to help him make it through most of the performance... thank fucking god 'cuz those first tapes I saw of their reunion were frightful. The Crue rocked through most of "Too Fast For Love" and "Shout" before intermission with a few falters by Vince. But in the grand scheme of things a few missed notes didn't really matter to me. I was blown away with Mick's ability to shred after all these years and Nikki was everything I'd thought he would be. There were a few rough points to the show but only brief moments, like Tommy's painful electric drum solo and a wanky keyboard solo from Nikki. Even my least favourite Crue song, "Primal Scream", sounded great live and I even found myself enjoying their new stuff. I can't believe they pulled it off, but they sure as fuck did and it was amazing. With a midget, pole dancers, and the atmosphere of a circus sideshow, these guys were the fucking tits. They're everything that I grew up idolizing about heavy metal. They even came out on stage after intermission on their fucking hogs. I was impressed enough that when Tommy commanded to see tits for their "titty-cam" I hoisted my sweat soaked shirt and gave'er, and I'll give'er again in July when I see them in Vancouver.

Keep 'er sleazy - bumsexjen

SNFU, Married to Music and The Shivers April 19, Lucky Bar

There are some staples at the dinner table when it comes to Canadian punk and the plate wouldn't be right if you didn't have a serving of SNFU! This band has a history dating back to the day when punk was relatively new (before the mainstream radio had Green Day on their playlist). SNFU's first album, "...And No One Else Wanted to Play", is a must for any music aficionado. My first experience with SNFU was back in 1985 in Vancouver. I was on the red wine diet and most of my drunken evening was spent in front of the stage holding on until the show was over. Did they rock? I can't remember, but I woke-up alone in a Goodwill box with stinky blankets keeping me warm. I decided Vancouver was just too big of a town for me and quickly grabbed the bus and ferry home to Victoria. Punk rock???

Anyway, here I am some twenty years later and SNFU are booked to play Lucky Bar. They had played in Old Vic a few times before, but again my red wine diet removed any recollection of it. I feel ignorant and old. I haven't heard any of their new music. They now have 10 albums under their belt and the original line up is far from intact. Still, it was going to be SNFU music and Chi-pig.

The opening act was Victoria's hardcore champions The Shivers. I always like checkin Shivers shows out because the lead singer belts out the hardcore just like John Lee Hooker sings the blues about Whiskey and Women. The Shivers sing about any kind of booze drinkin, sandwiches, aliens and more drinkin. The lead singer is blind and has played Lucky about half a dozen times now. The first few times a few of us would make sure he didn't fall off the high stage. Well, he never did fall, so this time Mr. Brown and I didn't bother to do our job and the poor fucker fell of the stage nearly breaking his leg. The best part is the dedication that this man has to his fans. He just got back up on stage and barked out a few more hardcore songs about drinking. Later there was a black and blue bump the size of his balls on the side of his leg! I mean, the lump was big! The Shivers are always good to see and next time you see the singer ask to see his balls so you can get an idea on how big his leg lump was. If you haven't seen the Shivers yet, do yourself a favor and punch yourself and then see them next time!

The next act was Married to Music. I'm not sure what to say about this band. They rocked and the dance floor had some good support. This band looked like they were having a good time playing their music. Lots of energy, but they seemed too clean, and it was like they were trying to market to the masses. I have seen a few similar bands on the video shows. They have a good sound and energy, but maybe they need a little road rash just to make them seem more real. Check them out now because they might be on the road to a sell-out!

After a short break, the dance floor filled again, and a skinny old Chi-Pig took to the stage and pranced around like a drag queen, throwing kisses to the audience. The songs were executed and the audience went off. Yes, this is the very reason SNFU have been a staple in the Canadian punk music scene. My friends and I stood on the side of the dance floor screaming, "Oh my God! These kids are gonna hurt themselves!". As every song was played, more bodies went slamming down on the soaking wet floor. SNFU gave it their all and the audience gave them even more! Not many bands can claim this type of response to their music. So Chi served a handful of SNFU fans with a wide array of rubber masks and interesting stage props. The song "Broken Toy" almost made me try an old school stage dive and skanky skank dance but my back pain prevented any need to relive my teenage slam dancing days! It was great and really, what more could a punk rocker looking for some real punk want? SNFU are not a band to be missed and have boded well over the years of alternative music.

So just as you're finishing up your mug of DOA, and enjoying a portion of Day Glo Abortions, finish up the meal at the Cannibal Cafè with some nice SNFU/Chi Pig. Hey, Chi is a vegetarian so you can be guaranteed grain fed quality meat!

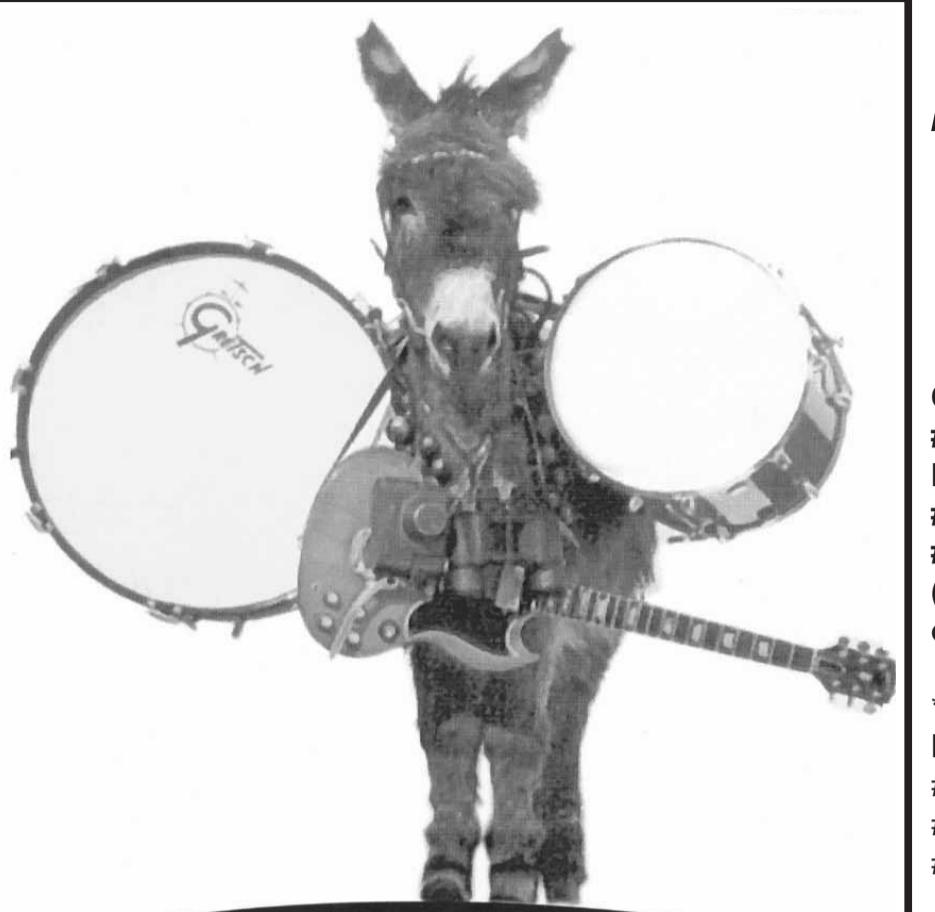
-new wave



- bumsexjen

Mötley Fucking Crüe March 25, - Reno, NV

We went to Reno, Nevada to see Mötley Crüe over the long weekend in March because there was no way that I was going to wait to secure tickets to see if they announced more dates. The Crüe was playing together again and I had to be there. The show was downtown at the Reno Events Center, which is a small arena-styled venue. There wasn't a bad seat in the house and our floor seats, about 20 rows back, were close enough to feel the heat from the pyro, which there was a great deal of. When we showed up to the events centre it was like a scene outta Detroit Rock City. There were throngs of rowdy Crüe fans ranging from Jr. High



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Questions were:

- #1) What's yer favourite local beer?
- #2) Favourite local bar?
- #3) Favourite local band (still around and not your own)

* Big Rick (Currently in LID/Sweathogs/Hoosegow)
#1) Swan's Arctic Ale bitch
#2) Lucky Bar bitch
#3) Keg Killers bitch

* Glem (LID/Hoosegow) *
#1) My homebrew (Canuck lager)
#2) Lucky Bar
#3) Dayglos/Remanes

* Muddy (Sweathogs/Keg Killers) *
#1) Piper's
#2) Logan's
#3) Shibs

* Gary Brainless (Mickey Christ/Remanes) *
#1) Homebrew Blonde Ale (Nothing goes down like a good blonde)
#2) Lucky Bar
#3) Hanson Bros.
MORE NEXT ISSUE!

ABSOLUTE GIG LISTINGS

CALL IN SICK TO WORK AND
CHECK OUT THESE SHOWS!

JUNE 3 CRYSTAL PISTOL, ABUSE OF POWER, ZAPPINN BLACK @ Lucky bar
JUNE 4 S.T.R.E.T.S, JADE JINAS @ The Brickyard (Vancouver)
D.O.A., BOX FILLER, THE LIKELY LADS, SECONDSLASS @ Rover's Pub (Pitt Meadows)
JUNE 5 DAGGERMOUTH, STARLESS NIGHTS, GOLDEN PHOENIX @ The Cellar (Vancouver)
AGAINST ME, MURDER BY DEATH, BLACKIE LEBLANC & THE KYAMI REVOLUTION @ Mesa Luna (ALL-AGES) (Vancouver)
JUNE 7 AGAINST ME, MURDER BY DEATH, BLOOD NASTY @ Lucky Bar
LOKJAW @ Buffalo Club (Vancouver)
JUNE 9 THE FIGHT UNITED, ASSIMILATOR, BORN OF ASHES @ The Pic Pub (VANCOUVER)
JUNE 10 GHOSTS, L.I.D., ENCHANTED FAERIES @ Logan's Pub
BC DC @ Lucky Bar
THE SET, BILLY THE KID, THE VENDORS, ALL STAR ASSASSINS, HOURS BEFORE DAWN @ Gary Oak Room
TARD DAMBALLA, SINNED @ The ASBALT in the Astoria Hotel (Vancouver)
THE MCRACKINS, THE REDSCARE, AUTONOMADIC @ The Pic Pub (Vancouver)
BORN OF ASHES, SEETHIN, 7TH SUNN @ Pub 340 (Vancouver)
JUNE 11 ROCK THE WITCHING HOUR, THE ALLMIGHTY TRUTH, THE OPPOSITE, LIFE AGAINST DEATH @ The Brickyard (Vancouver)
ONE EYED JACKS, SOUND CITY HOOLIGANS, SANS NATHANIEL, R.O.S. @ Seylynn Hall (ALL-AGES) (Vancouver)
JUNE 12 S.T.R.E.T.S., THE DRAFT, THE NONS @ The Cellar (Vancouver)
JUNE 13 DECIDE, IMMOLATION, SKINLESS, WITH PASSION @ The Commodore Ballroom (Vancouver)
JUNE 15 THE FIGHT UNITED, UNIT 731, SECONDSLASS @ The Brickyard (Vancouver)
JUNE 17 POWERCLOWN, THE EXCESSIVES, THE KEG KILLERS @ Lucky Bar
JUNE 18 BLACKLISTED, DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR, TOUGH AS NAILS, TEMPER, FRIDAY NIGHT MURDER @ James Bay Community Center (ALL-AGES)
SELF INFILCTED, SWEATHOGS, THE REAL DEAL @ Logan's Pub
SINNED, MANIAC SUMO CUNT, GROSS MISCONDUCT @ The ASBALT in the Astoria Hotel (Vancouver)
RADIKILL, GATE, LAST ANGRY MAN, @ The Brickyard (Vancouver)
ONE EYED JACKS, THE WINKS, PRINTS @ The Lamplighter (Vancouver)
JUNE 23 BLUE MONDAY, LIGHTS OUT, MORE TO PRIDE, IN STRIDE, LION OF JUDAH @ Video In Studios(ALL-AGES) (Vancouver)
JUNE 24 THE DIRTY, FACES OF BLACK, WOOLY MAMMOTH @ Logan's Pub
INFERNAL MAJESTY, WIDOWMAKER @ The Brickyard (Vancouver)
ANE, CURSED, EVERGREEN TERRACE, VERSE @ Video In Studios(ALL-AGES) (Vancouver)
JUNE 25 CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY, ROD IRON HAULERS, MONEYSHOT @ Logan's Pub
INHUMAN, SUFFERANCE, GRIMLORN @ The Brickyard (Vancouver)
JUNE 29 HELLRAZOR @ The Buffalo Club (Vancouver)
JULY 1 SELF INFILCTED, S.I.C.K., SOOKE SKIDS @ Tolmie Metal House(S.I.C.K. House) - (ALL-AGES, ALL EVERYTHING)
JULY 2 CHRIST COMPLEX, SPLATTER, DESENSITIZED, LEVEL @ The Pic Pub (Vancouver)
JULY 7 HATE ETERNAL, KRISIUN, JUNGLE ROT, INTO ETERNITY, ALL SHALL PERISH @ The Drink / Red Room (Vancouver)
JULY 8 UNCUT, DESPISTADO, WINTERSLEEP @ Logan's Pub
JULY 9 KING BONG, CATAPULT @ Steamers Pub
TARD, SINNED, DAMBALLA, SHORES OF TUNDRA @ Seylynn Hall (ALL-AGES) (VANCOUVER)
JULY 15 GHOSTS and guest @ Lucky Bar
BIG JOHN BATES, THE MATADORS, THE DEADCATS, RAISED BY WOLVES @ The Brickyard (Vancouver)
JULY 22 TARD, CADAVER SYNOD, MEAT OF MANKIND @ Pub 340 (Vancouver)
JULY 26 SOUNDS OF THE UNDERGROUND TOUR w/ GWAR, STRAPPING YOUNG LAD, MADBALL, TERROR, OPETH AND MORE
JULY 29 MOTLEY CRUE @ Pacific Coliseum
JULY 30 SELF INFILCTED, DRY FISTED, NEW WORLD ON FIRE @ Underground Pizza (Courtney)
AUG 13 ABSOLUTE UNDERGROUND presents ALCOHOLIC WHITE TRASH, SELF INFILCTED, SWEATHOGS, BEAUMONT'S, KEG KILLERS AND SPECIAL GUESTS TBA @ Logan's Pub 5PM - 1AM

TRAILER PARK BOYS

Before Sunnyvale

The Bio of Jonothan Torrens as "J-Roc"

By Criss Crass

J to the R.O.C., as he more affectionately calls himself, is one of the park's leading business men. Whether he is waiting for his latest joint, Trailer Park Life, to drop into your local record store or filming an installment of Greasy Trailer Park Girls Gone Wild, he is always keeping it real and hanging tight in the park. Jonathan Torrens represents as "J-Roc".

Jonathan Torrens has worked as a performer, writer, and producer for 15 years. In 1989, he started a seven-year run as one of the hosts of Street Cents, an award-winning consumer/sketch show for youth. It was there that he and Mike Clattenburg became friends and the character of J-Roc was first conceived.

For five years he hosted the CBC Television show Jonovision, for which his sketch and character work earned him seven Gemini Award nominations, including Best Individual Performance in a Comedy Series and Best Comedy Series. Jonathan Cross's Canada, his parody of a Charles Kuralt style newsmagazine show, aired on CBC in 2003.



As an actor, Jonathan has guest starred twice each on the topical comedies This Hour Has 22 Minutes and Royal Canadian Air Farce, along with recurring roles in the period drama Pit Pony and the sitcom Rideau Hall. Recently he's had guest starring roles on Degrassi: The Next Generation and the sketch comedy Listen Missy.

As a host, Jonathan's credits are as varied as Living Romance, Canada Day, The CBC News Millennium Special, The East Coast Music Awards, and Sesame Park.

In film, he won the Best Supporting Actor award at the 1999 Atlantic Film Festival for his feature debut in Thom Fitzgerald's Beefcake. His first romantic comedy, The Breadmaker, premiered at the prestigious Toronto International Film Festival in 2003.

Jonathan's long list of accomplishments extends to the other side of the camera. He has produced and co-written two award-winning shorts, also with Mike Clattenburg: Liquor Store, which won Best Short and Best Director at the Atlantic Film Festival in 1996, and Nan's Taxi, which won the Gemini Award for Best Short Drama in 1997.



NEXT ISSUE: Bubbles!

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A brief history of **BRANDING**

When people usually think of the process of branding, the first image that pops into their head is of a farmer pulling a hot iron out of the fire and pressing it so hard against a cow's ass that its tail stands straight up, even popping out of its head and it lets out a horrifying cry.

In reality, branding has been around for a very long time and used with different purpose all around the world. There are many different theories on how it originated. This form of body modification has been used by tribes in history to do with a "rite of passage." The scar would be used to "mark" this significant moment in their lives. The Maori tribesmen used to scar up their faces to help them to look intimidating during battle and look more attractive to potential mates. They utilized these practices until late into the nineteenth century. Historically, the western world branding has been used to tag property such as livestock and slaves. This concept merged into the fetish scene and is popular within dominant and submissive relationships.

Currently, people are discovering branding as a form of modification that's purpose is to create a pattern design that uses the body's scar tissue to create the effect. It can be very evident or subtle depending on variable such as method of branding used, the aftercare routine you choose to follow and the way your body heals. Unfortunately there are no guarantees on how your body will react specifically however you can have a professional test a small area to see if your body will generate the results you want and then go from there.

There are 3 primary branding techniques that are commonly used today. Strike branding is the most traditional and probably the most popular form of branding. This method uses a heated object (usually a pre-shaped piece of metal) is held against the skin until the desired result is obtained. Each time this process occurs it is considered a "strike." Usually a strike brand will be made up of a series of strikes so that the results are more consistent. The strike branding is a fairly primitive method of branding that will probably not heal as consistently or precisely as other methods. Next we have cautery branding. This method of branding is accomplished using an electro-cautery unit to create the effect. This equipment can be commonly found in hospitals and is usually used to cauterize a bleeding area during surgery. This method allows for a lot more detail and depth within the branding. Whereas other methods use a low heat so that it burns and spreads limiting your ideas and detail, the electro-cautery unit is so hot and consistent that it vaporizes the area and leaves the body no choice but to fill the area with scar tissue. This method also allows you to control your temperature which can help create different textures within the brand. This method tends to heal more subtle than the other methods. Lastly there is moxabustion. This technique utilizes incense that has been placed in a specific location on the body and left to burn down until it goes out in the skin. This leaves a cauterized wound that eventually heals into a scar. This method of branding is mostly used within a ceremonial or ritualistic setting and is usually just patterns and images.

A lot of people assume this is a very painful procedure. How much a branding hurts depends on who you talk to. I have heard some say it was the most pain they have ever felt and then others that say they don't even feel it. However, almost everyone who has got one wants another. The rush afterwards can be minorly euphoric which helps it be as addictive as piercing or tattooing..

The cost of branding is determined by many things. Some being the tools the practitioner uses and the size and detail involved.

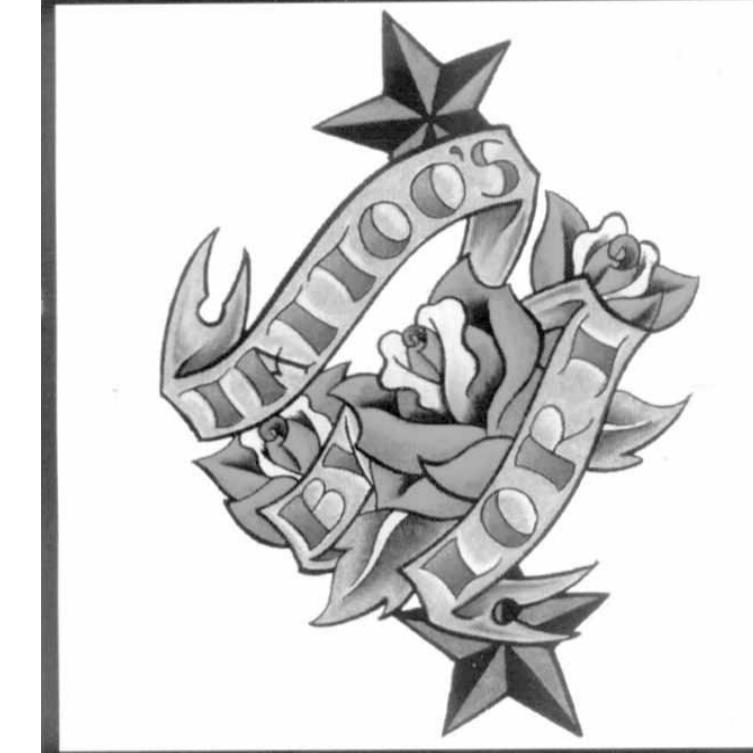
If this form of modification interests you here are a few points to consider. A scar is permanent so consider this will be with you the rest of your life and unlike tattoos or piercings it cannot be removed. Be sure of the contact you have and the professional you choose. Find someone who has done work similar to what you are looking for and has healed pictures so you can see the results they are getting. Make sure they also understand the risks involved with branding and they use some sort of filtration system, a hepa filter at minimum.

Branding is one of the oldest forms of body alteration and I believe it will be around for quite awhile still. As art, branding is very new and will still be expanded upon as it is pushed further.

Article written and pictures provided by Matt Bruce. Matt Bruce is currently working as a professional body piercer and branding artist at Pacific Body Jewellery and Piercing. For more information branding or to set up a consultation Matt can be reached at piercingbymattbruce@yahoo.ca



in k s l i n g e r s



Lori-Ann Fletcher

When I first met Lori, I was highly impressed by the vivid tattoos covering her arms, and realized then that she was a gorgeous walking piece of art. After having looked through her portfolio, it then occurred to me that not only did she have incredible taste for her own skin pieces; she is also an amazing artist (yes I have checked out her arms on more than one occasion). This talent is something that she was born with, and I am sure that it was fate that she found it transformed through the medium of tattooing. Lori's love for art began early on when she was in high school, as she triumphed in her art classes. Later on she decided that she would pursue a career in designer landscaping, since she had such a strong love for nature, and flowers. But then in 1993, the option of beginning a tattoo apprenticeship came along, thanks to Jeff at Urge. So when Geoff Briggs offered her the chance to tattoo, she took the opportunity. Geoff apprenticed her for what seemed to be twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, until about a year had passed. When she was finally able to pick up a machine, she worked mostly on freebies, and later onto cheaper tattoos. And NOW, "well let's just say it was all worth it". Lori has the true attitude of an artist. When faced with the option of a 'flash' piece picked off of the wall, she will initially want to make it original, and one of a kind if possible. Lori also loves those challenges that are out of the ordinary.

When I asked her who her main artistic influences were, she told me the list was much too long, but her main source of inspiration goes back to her initial passions - flowers and nature. This would explain why she is so well known for her floral work, and from what I could tell, the adaptations of her own designs and ideas have always come out perfected. "If I can draw it, I'll tattoo it", says Lori, who also has a great skill for old school designs, and bright detailed work. The variety of styles she has mastered, derive from one end of the spectrum to the other. Lori and her work have also been featured in various tattoo magazines, including Skin & Ink, Skin Art and Tattoos for Men.

There are however ups and downs to being a female artist at times. I wouldn't consider them too serious, but some of Lori's stories are rather hilarious: "One time a guy asked me for some info on a tattoo, and I answered all of his questions, and then he asked me if he could talk to an artist. I said to him ["do I look like the #%%^& cleaning lady?"] that went over well. Long story short, he was in a rush to get done, in and out of course, and I helped him out. He had his piece done in several minutes, and he turned every shade of green. I laughed my ass off for weeks with that one". (harharhar!) Lori is an expert in the field, and to those who are seeking a serious and enthusiastic approach to their ideas, she is the one to go to. I am sure that she also has a variety of men (and women) that absolutely LOVE to have her tattoo their skin. What better way is there to be eased by the monotonous pain of needles for countless hours? I can't wait!

Danielle N.

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AGNOSTIC FRONT

FIR



Twenty plus years after their first release, the Godfathers of Hardcore have re-emerged armed with their new album Another Voice and hard hitting worldwide tour.

Spawned in New York in the early eighties Agnostic Front represented the struggle and confusion of the urban youth. Originally called Zoo Crew, Vinnie Stigma changed the name to Agnostic Front and the rest has been a New York legacy. The bands initial releases United Blood (1983) and their landmark album Victim in Pain (1984) established the band as one of the meanest-sounding bands in punk, thus creating the term "hardcore". The conception of New York hardcore (NYHC), in the early eighties, far overshadowed the movement of regular punk music in that it brought strength to its listeners through its calls for self-discipline and self-sufficiency.

Roger Miret (vocals) and Vinnie Stigma (guitar) met in 1982 forming Zoo Crew. Together for twenty plus years they have been the lifeline of Agnostic Front. Roger Miret a Cuban born, New Jersey native, had plenty of ammunition for Agnostic Front through his opinionated views about politics and the social injustices he suffered being the son of refugee parents. Together with the aggressive guitar rhythm of Vinnie Stigma and the later acquisition of bassist Adam Moochie and drummer Ray Beez they recorded their first independent release United Blood. The album was loaded with short bursts of urban rage and was later followed up with Victim in Pain, which saw the arrival of new members Rob Kabula (bass) and Jim Coletti (drums). Through the albums' aggressive blasts and unrelenting fury it was the ultimate expression of New York hardcore, all delivered in 15 minutes. With these two releases under their belts Agnostic Front were clearly the leaders of an influential, popular and fast spreading musical movement. This movement included other highly important bands like the Cro-Mags and Murphy's Law, who found a home at New York's legendary CBGB's.

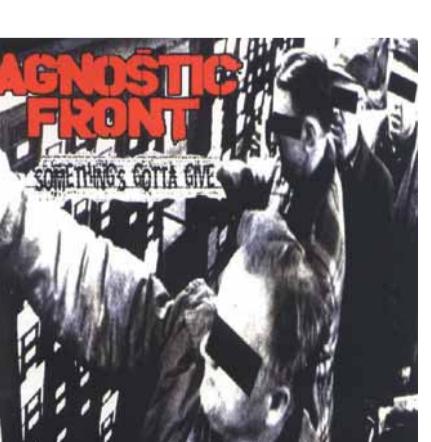
On the surface Agnostic Front seemed as if they were unstoppable, but behind the scenes that wasn't always the case. There were the constant unpredictable twists of temperament between Miret and Stigma, accompanied by a revolving door of members that was always keeping Agnostic Front on the verge of a break up. In 1986 with the addition of a second guitarist Alex Kinon and a new drummer Louie Beatto they recorded Cause for Alarm. This album supported a more thrash metal / punk crossover sound and as a result attracted more metal listeners who had never really been exposed to punk.

A year after Cause for Alarm the band returned to the studio and recorded Liberty & Justice with an entirely new line-up once again. This time around they were joined by Steve Martin on guitar, Alan Peters on bass, and Will Sheppeler on drums. At this time in the NYHC scene, the original bands were fading out and the shows were becoming overwhelmed with violence due to divides in the movement (punks, skinheads, etc.), ultimately this led to the shut down of many clubs. In 1989, featuring new bassist Craig Setari, Live at CBGB's was recorded capturing Agnostic Front's most influential songs in the very environment that had helped put them at the top of hardcore.

Not long after Live at CBGB's was recorded, Miret was arrested on drug charges and sent to prison for nearly 2 years. During Miret's incarceration Stigma and Agnostic Front played on with new guitarist Matt Henderson and substitute singer Alan Peters. Upon the return of Miret the band recorded One Voice, an album which was put forth unto a scene that had gone in several different directions by the time they returned, at the same time a collection of their greatest hits was released. Around the same time the band decided to call it quits after a farewell show at CBGS's for 1993's Last Warning, after that Stigma and Henderson started Madball with Roger's younger brother Freddie Cricien.

Signed to Epitaph Records, Agnostic Front resurfaced in 1997 with former members Rob Kabula and Jim Coletti. With this line up the band laid down Something's Gotta Give (98) and Riot, Riot, Upstart the following year. They resumed touring and recording again, but were not as well received outside of New York as they once were. Dead Yuppies was released and recorded with current bassist Mike Gallo in 2001 and in 2002 was followed up with Working Class Heroes.

By 2004 Agnostic Front was ready to return to the studio to record Another Voice, but once again they were seeking a label. In the meantime they hit the studio to record with Jamey Jasta (Hatebreed) and Zuess (producer). Matt Henderson returned once again on guitar but only to record the album then he was replaced with a previous touring guitarist Lenny Di Scalfani. Late in 2004 the band signed to Nuclear Blast, and released Another Voice. The band is currently touring the North America and Europe.



Sunday, May 8th. The ABSOLUTE UNDERGROUND review crew consisting of Willy Jak, Ira Hunter and Criss Crass set out on the 4 o'clock ferry to see the Godfathers of NYHC at the Mesa Luna in Vancouver. The trip has barely started when we develop a serious addiction to sunflower seeds, which will later break up the group. As we make our way to the club we prepare by treating our livers with beers, Bacardi, and "juice boxes" on the Oak street bridge. We arrive at the Mesa Luna long before the show starts. In the back alley we talk to the guitarist from All Shall Perish. The back door was open so we walked right in, just in time to see AGNOSTIC do CRUCIFIED for sound check. Now we are super stoked! One of the guys in the crew noticed us and wanted to give us the ol' boot in the ass out the door but Brad from the NERVE said we could stay (thanks Brad). When the band is finished with their sound check we decide to head back outside and keep drinking. As we go to leave the door guy stamps our hands cos he thinks we're in one of the bands. Willy sold his ticket to Jerry from BLASPHEMY.

While we are hanging outside, we meet and talk with one of the guitarists from Agnostic Front (Lenny Di Scalfani). He tells us about how long A.F. have been on the road and how they are heading to South America with Hatebreed and some other hardcore bands after they are done their North American stint. Although he is not the guitarist recorded on the new A.F. album Another Voice, he does an unbelievable job of playing their tunes, old and new.

In order to stay at the correct alcohol/ weed level we head to a school that is on the street right behind the club. In true punk fashion we run into a group of people who share the same idea as us already drinking there. After a few drinks, sunflower seeds, doobies and "juice boxes" we sell off the last two tickets and head back to the venue. Back inside, we head straight to the bar. Inside the show we spotted the singer ROGER MIRET reading a review of their new cd in ABSOLUTE UNDERGROUND we had a few words with him and he told Criss that after reading such a good review that he didn't feel so bad about playing so many new tunes. Willy asks where we can find Vinnie Stigma. Roger says he's upstairs on the patio, so we head there.

While the first two bands play, we go upstairs and talk with Vinnie Stigma on the patio. Willy approaches him and thanks him for the Christmas card he had sent him several years before. He doesn't remember but is super friendly and a little drunk. You would never guess that he is 48 years old as he recaps, in his thick New York accent, the fight he got into the night before in Seattle.

A.U. "How's the road treating you at this stage of the game?"

VINNIE "Actually I enjoy it more now. I'm way more relaxed now you know."

A.U. "How long you been on the road for?"

VINNIE "We've been on the road for about a year and a half now. After this we're going to South America so it'll be close to two years by the time we're done. Our guitar player LENNY DISCALAFANI has been in the band just over two years and he's barely seen his home since."

A.U. "So it's a full time job?"

VINNIE "Yes it is but I'm also half owner of New York Hardcore Tattoos & Piercing. Me and one of the guys out of MURPHY'S LAW own the shop."

A.U. "I like your desert camo guitar."

VINNIE "Yeah right... that's the ESP Vinnie Stigma signature edition, it should be in stores by fall."

Eventually our conversation leads us to 911. Vinnie begins to explain how their album Dead Yuppies was released just after the trade center incident happened, and how they thought people would be pissed.

A.U. "What's the story with the DEAD YUPPIES record with the chalk outline of the yuppie with a briefcase in his hand?"



VINNIE "Oh yeah!! We put out that album then while it was at the press the whole 911 thing went down and we thought holy shit, we're fucked! When the record came out it was only like a week after the terrorist attacks and every one in New York knew someone in the towers, so I thought we was gonna get killed or something."

As he spoke more about 911 he became emotional and left us there.

We head downstairs again and check out Death Before Dishonor. Hailing from Boston these guys threw down hard and ended their set with a killer Sick Of It All cover. The venue is full as Agnostic Front hits the stage opening with The Eliminator. Roger Miret leaps around the stage as the rest of the band plays hard and relentless. Midway through the set, as they break into Crucified, a massive brawl erupts between some spinkicking hardcores and the circle pit punks that spills across the pit and onto the stage. Once the chaos subsided A.F. resumed their set ripping through songs, old and new. We all sang along until our throats bled. The crowd energy was super hyper and by the end we were fully exhausted. They played for at least an hour and a half and in the end we couldn't have been more impressed. They had just blasted through pretty much every song we had spent so many years waiting to hear. Willy said that they were better this time than when he saw them five years ago in Seattle. NYHC!

-Absolute Review Crew Represent!



absolute album reviews ABSOLUTE ALBUM REVIEWS

Allfather - "Weapon of Ascension" (Invictus Productions)

Local warmongers Allfather return with their first full-length offering, their self-titled EP being their previous effort. If you thought the EP was worthy, "Weapon of Ascension" crushes it into little pieces, then consumes it. With a well-balanced production and the slightest hint of rawness, Allfather blast their way through 12 soul-fucking tracks of brutality and carnage. With this band's level of intensity, it's sometimes hard to capture everything that the music contains at their live shows, depending on whose doing the sound that night. Sometimes these guys come across as a wall of noise, but that's why this album is such a treat. You can hear everything that's going on, and it really shows off the individual talent of the members of the mighty Allfather. War-metal has never seen a prouder moment than when this release saw the light of day. Put quite basically, it's the most crushing thing I've heard in a long time. Vocalist Chad Klassen (now departed from the band) has a roar that sits between black metal and death metal. It's slightly guttural, yet screechy and throaty. Hopefully these guys will make it to Europe, 'cause that's where they belong. Their sound would be very appealing over there. In short, buy this disc! Repeat: BUY THIS DISC! You won't be sorry. It kicks 10 kinds of ass! For any non-believers, all you need to do is look at the cover to know what you're in for. A snarling wolf roars at you off a well-designed cover booklet, and that should say it all, because the music jumps at you and bites your face off.



-Jaron Evil

The Jabbers--American Standard (Steel Cage 2004)

Most renowned for having had the late GG Allin as their frontman, the Jabbers are back making music after a twenty year absence. Soundwise, the Jabbers have made a slight shift from their glory days. American Standard occupies a sonic slot just between their classic Always Was, Is, And Always Shall Be album and the more heavy stuff he did with the murder junkies. They only do one G.G. song "DON'T TALK TO ME" and the rest is all new songs. From a songwriting standpoint, American Standard is a real jaw dropper--completely without flaw. "Vampire Girlfriend" should click well with fans of the New Bomb Turks' best work, while the Jabbers approximate a scumified New York Dolls on "Gone Insane." The vintage vibe really hits on "Redneck Zombie" which recalls a great deal of 60's garage rock. Still, this album is definitely pointed in the scum punk direction and "Cunt Sandwich" proves a new rallying anthem for the form. Former Queers/Tunnel Rats dude Wimpy does a wicked job as the new Jabbers vocalist--no one is going to be disappointed in this reworked lineup. American Standard also boasts a trio of bonus tracks with guest vocalists--the short and sweet "Hang You High" with Joe Queer front and center, "Nuke Attack" featuring the clearest recording ever of head ANTISEEN heel JEFF CLAYTON'S voice, and the incredible JEFF DAHL fronted pure rock n' roll of "High On Drugs." Ultimately, American Standard is one of the best albums of this year, or any other for that matter. Crucial stuff.

-w.jak



This Time Tomorrow - Demo 2005

Vegan hardcore from Seattle that reminds me somewhat of the "Are These Our Lives" era Trial with some obvious Indecision influences. Lyrically, this deals with the evils of consumer culture, religion, and the consumption of animals. The recording isn't that great, but I'd love to hear what This Time Tomorrow sounds like live, or with a better recording.

-Josh Nails



Uruk-Hai - "The Battle" (Drama Company Productions)

Uruk-Hai is a solo project put together by Hugin of Hrossharsgrani fame. This being his third official release under the name of Uruk-Hai shows without a doubt that he is certainly here to stay, and thank fucking Satan! Uruk-Hai is not black metal or pagan metal, as some might think. This project is dark ambient music, much along the lines of early Mortiis or Arcana. For those of you that are unfamiliar with the whole dark ambient movement, allow me to enlighten you. It is completely instrumental music that manipulates both synthesizers and natural sounds to

create soundscapes for the purpose of painting a picture in one's head. Interestingly enough, most of these dark ambient bands are usually side projects of members from Euro-metal bands. For some strange reason, black metal and dark ambient go hand in hand, most likely because dark ambient is also an under appreciated underground style of music that is indeed extreme in its own way. Now that being said, Uruk-Hai is putting out some of the best the genre has to offer. All his works are based loosely on "Lord of the Rings," and each minute of this disc leads its listener deeper into a world of swords and sorcery. But unlike early Mortiis, Uruk-Hai is much more subtle and smooth, and it doesn't bombard you with medieval horn progressions or rhythm patterns. This is not the type of disc one plays while driving down the highway with the top down. For this stuff, you've got to put on your medieval armor, turn the lights down low, and relax with a drink of wine from a medieval wineskin, slowly letting the majesty of the music engulf you. Being a serious appreciator of this style of music, I must say that Uruk-Hai is my new favorite dark ambient artist. Although "The Battle" takes us through the many stages of war through sorrowful, sometimes chilling, sometimes subtly furious music, it doesn't quite rival last year's effort, "A Night in the Forest," which is the MOST epic CD I've ever had the pleasure of listening to. "The Battle" has the same quality of genius music, however it is not nearly as epic, which is the only thing keeping it from blowing "A Night in the Forest" out of the water. Here's some odd news: Uruk-Hai has just released another CD called "Dragons of War." Two new albums released in as many weeks?? After investigating his website, I was overjoyed to read that he will also be releasing two more albums this year--"Across the Misty Mountains" and "Astronomy" - I, for one, cannot wait!



TNM BFM

-Ira "Hellborn" Hunter

Die Young - "Survival Instinct" (www.dieyoung.com)

Eight tracks of excellent, intelligent, heavy hardcore that can easily be compared to bands such as Integrity, Buried Alive, Terror, and Catharsis. Die Young are angry for a reason. The lyrics are very well written and discuss problems with our culture and religion and their impact on humanity and the world. Bonus points given for the inclusion of a cover of Trial's "For the Kids." This is a great band, so pick this up.

-Josh Nails



In Stride - Demo 2005

Three short fast songs. These songs are thrashier and catchier than the ones on their first demo, and show a huge improvement in terms of songwriting (the recording is also an improvement over their first demo). These songs remind me of Panic at times, and the guest vocals on "Reach" by Scott from Shook Ones sound awesome. The lyrics deal with topics such as superficiality and the way in which technology, such as television and computers, can keep us from experiencing the real world. My only complaint is that clocking in at 3:29, it is far to short.

-Josh Nails



The Unseen - "State of Discontent" HellCat Records

Holy fuck am I stoked that this album finally came out. It's been a couple of years since their last album, "Explode," came out from BYO Records and since then, The Unseen have been picked up by HellCat Records. Ken Casey of the Dropkick Murphys produced this album, and Brett Gurewitz mixed it. Lars Frederiksen from Rancid and Dicky Barret from the Mighty Mighty Bosstones help out with guest vocals on a couple songs. In simple words, this album rips. It's a little more listener-friendly, due to quality production, than their last album, but it definitely still has balls. The more I listen to it, the more I fucking love it. It's one of those CDs you can leave in the player for a month--just playing it over and over. These songs are sure to be firmly lodged in your head. Standouts include, "On the Other Side," "Scream Out," "Weapons of Mass Deception," "Waste of Time," and "Hit and Run." Fuck it--all the songs are killer. Plus, they do a wicked cover of the Rolling Stones' "Paint it Black." This is the one band that will be worth going to see at the Warped Tour.

-Ira "Hellborn" Hunter



Rod Iron Haulers - Bounce 33 - Independent

The long awaited release of the Haulers' first CD Bounce 33 has finally arrived, and the band has not disappointed. The album is much like their live shows, fast and sure to get the blood pumping. From the very first track, your foot will tap and your head will nod. What is also interesting is the high production level of each track. A lot of work went into making the debut album the best it could be and the height of quality speaks volumes of the band's skills. However, there are a few flaws to be found. The most obvious one is that the tracks blend together seamlessly, and Bounce 33 is more like one long song that it is a series of individual tracks. While it is too much to say that the album is repetitive, some tracks are unremarkable compared to others. Still, the album was a valiant first effort and insures that only great things will follow for Victoria's premier dragstrip rockers.

-Ford Walker



Roger Miret and the Disasters - "1984" (Hellcat Records)

Finally a Hellcat record that doesn't suck ass. OK, how do I explain this one... let's take a band like Rancid and make them not suck, that will give you a general idea of what style they play. Oi punk with Agnostic Front vocals is a winning combination in my world. For those of you that do like Rancid, you will probably really like this, and I fucking hate that we might have anything in common at all 'cause you're a bunch of fucking posers that should go back to your Blink-182 crap and leave us punk rockers alone. Wow, all this angst out of nowhere, and I haven't been a teenager for at least a couple of months or something... So ya, anyways, great fucking album--typical Roger Miret-style lyrics, lotsa brothers-in-arms kinda stuff and skinhead unity stuff... skinhead unity... now there's an oxymoron, kinda like military intelligence or smart bombs or fresh frozen. (Now don't get your Doc Martens all in a flutter there boys--last issue I got to bug the long hairs, this issue I get to bug the no hairs.) The CD includes a cool little foldout poster with a mean-looking picture of the band (looking like they all just got outta jail). All you little Rancid posers should love that. You can put it on your walls, and think about what rebels you are for living dangerously through the tough guys on your wall--kinda like white rappers with Snoop Dogg posters. I betcha you'd last about as long in New York with Roger, as they would in L.A. with the Dogg Pound. Fuck y'all--buy the album and support a guy that has been supporting underground music since I was a kid, which was well before you little posers were even born.

- Jay Brown



TURBONEGRO - PARTYANIMALS - Burning Heart Records

Right off the bat I'll say this ain't no Apocalypse Dudes. But then again the worst Turbonegro record is probably better than most bands best record. While the last two records have had a real Detroit/New York in 1976 kinda thing goin' on, I'm hearin' way more of a southern kind of Rolling Stones type thing goin' on this time around. Tonnes of stolen riffs (as always). The songs that stick most in my head are ALL MY FRIENDS ARE DEAD and IF YOU SEE KAYE. Produced by Turbonegro and Steve McDonald, known for his work with The White Stripes, Beck and Redd Kross, it has that shimmering shiny digital production like on Scandinavian Leather. We've got 11 hits, all of them beautifully negative switchblade serenades, says Guitarist Euroboy. Bassist Happy Tom says iltis like the best bits of The Rolling Stones mixed with the best bits of Black Flag, but composed by Shostakovich, Stalin's in-house composer. Just in time for summer sessions on the backyard halfpipe... go get it.

-w.jak



Death Before Dishonor - Friends, Family, Forever - Bridge Nine Records

This album is a seven song blast of straight-up hardcore from the Boston Hardcore set. From start to finish not one song on this album is lacking intensity or heaviness. Currently the band is on tour across Can/US with Agnostic Front. If you missed them with A.F. in May not to worry. D.B.D. is bringing their ferocious live show to the James Bay Community Center Saturday June 18th at 7pm. I recommend you don't miss it!

-Criss Crass



Nile - "Annihilation of the Wicked" (Relapse Records)

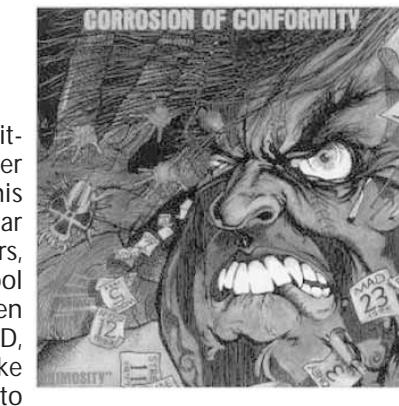
I will make this the shortest review of an album ever in Absolute Underground. This album fucking rules--go buy it right now. If you don't buy it, you don't like metal. Even whiny screamo kids should buy this so they can grow some balls and listen to real metal, maybe grow their hair, buy a Trans AM... stop being straight edge, drink some Lucky... buy a Mac jacket, maybe a pair of Reeboks with the big fat tongues... and move to Langford. For those of you that claim to like metal and are not familiar with Nile, you are total posers and should go home and lock the doors and sacrifice yourself on an altar to Satan in the hopes that he will forgive you for being oh so totally lame.



-Jay Brown

BLASTS FROM THE PAST, 20 YEARS AGO TODAY

CORROSION OF CONFORMITY "Anomosity" (1985) DEATH RECORDS



I first caught wind of this monstrous shit-kicker of an album after reading a killer review of it by Jamie Fulton in his thrashdaze zine. Pushead art and war atrocity photos, venom stickers on guitars, this shit was raging fucking metal old school hardcore, breaking into heavy doom-laden jams with songs like MAD WORLD, INTERVENTION and KISS OF DEATH. Mike Dean played his bass w/ a similar style to NYC's Harley Flannigan or so cal's Mike Watt, Woody Weatherman did searing, Kerry King style leads throughout this noisefest and Reed Mullin sounds like Tommy Aldridge on fuckin space coke! If you didn't own this back in the day, own it now! It is nothing like their "grunge years" the follow up album TECHNOCRACY was so-so but things would never smoke like this again. by B.Toff



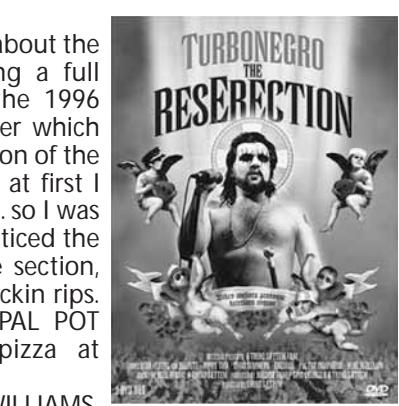
D.R.I.-"Dealing With It" 1985 death records

I first heard this smoking hash with Mark Morrison in the back of Ian O Gorman's so-called "skateshop" down in Cook Street village. Jamie Fulton down @ Lyle's place promptly hooked a brotha up! Following the blistering, high-speed attack of the debut lp and the "Violent Pacification" e.p., The Dirty Rotten Imbeciles return with their magnum opus "Dealing With It", adding a fresh-teenage Felix Griffin and Mikey Offender on the bass, the result is an excruciating work out on the senses, this is two years before Mick Harris starts doing blast beats in Napalm Death, so this was the fastest shit I had heard so far, "Couch Slouch", "Madman", "Yes Maam" fuck, one head pounding song after another, this was not an album for the Descendents chicks, as far as I know these crazy Texans are still playing. I saw them last in Frisco in 1997 w/Fang and the Idiots and their set consisted of half of this album and some other newer shit.

-P.Ness

DVD REVIEW!

TURBONEGRO - Resurrection



The first half of this DVD is a documentary about the lead singer, Hank Von Helvete, becoming a full blown junkie during the recording of the 1996 landmark album APOCALYPSE DUDES, after which the band broke up for four years. This portion of the disc, I must say, is a slight bit boring and at first I thought we had watched the whole thing... so I was was thinkin' this DVD is a lemon. Then I noticed the extra live footage. After watching the live section, which is a whole concert, I thought this fuckin rips. The extras section includes a clip of PAL POT PAMPARIUS making a motherfucking pizza at Pamparius Pizza.

- JAK WILLIAMS

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Mainland Mayhem

By Emily Kendy

THE REBEL SPELL

I'm standing on the front porch of a house in a non-descript East End neighborhood where I've been waiting nearly ten minutes smoking a cigarette and calling through the screen door into a cluttered living room. A black leather jacket lies in the middle of the floor beside a glue gun and a handful of metal studs. Music blares from a stereo somewhere downstairs.

It isn't until the phone starts ringing that I finally see Erin spring into the room. She motions me inside and disappears, back again a minute later.

"Come on, I'll take you on a tour," says the diminutive guitarist.

We pass a wall covered in show posters on our way to the basement and at the bottom of the stairs she opens a door into a small sunny room and I'm introduced to Steph, drums, two girls in bikini tops and a longhaired guy sitting at a sewing machine. They are in the bikini business though Steph would prefer this to remain off-the-record. Apparently sewing isn't very punk rock.

Next to the "secret" sewing room is the closet-sized rehearsal space with walls covered in purple eggshell packing-material for soundproofing. It's difficult to imagine the band even fitting inside let alone smashing around with instruments.

We make our way back up stairs and pass by a wall that has been rebuilt into an elaborate cage containing some sort of fancy parakeet. Besides the bird, the odd friend and a couple cats, the guys in the band, Todd, vocals, and Chris, bass/vocals, also live here.

At the moment, however, the house seems nearly deserted as Erin and Steph sit down on the back patio adjusting safety pins to discuss what it's like to be a punk-rocking woman, the Rebel Spell Philosophy and how the band survives rehearsals in the basement.

You guys must have younger sisters who adore you...

Stepha: I have one older sister and she's a hooker. I don't know where she is.

Erin: I didn't know that...

Stepha: Yeah. And I have older brothers, they think I'm craaazy.

Erin: Yeah, I've just got brothers too.

Did they influence you towards music?

Erin: My older brother was a skid...I liked his rock music.

Do you ever consider yourself a role model?

Stepha: I don't. But I think I am. A lot of girls come up to me after shows and they're just so excited and like, definitely influenced for sure. A lot of girls are like "Ahh, I want to do that," and I'm just like yeah, fuck. Do it.

Erin: Yeah, a lot of girls have been writing.

Really? You get fan mail?

Erin: Yeah.

Stepha: Erin gets fan mail. Her email is up on the website...and Chris got one fan letter that said, "your drummer's hot, I'd tap that." [Laughs]

Do you ever have to put up with discrimination, at shows?

Erin: No.

Stepha: No.

Erin: If anything it's reverse discrimination. No, people are happy to see women on stage.

Stepha: I had one person not believe that I was in a band.

Like they thought you were trying to sneak in?

Stepha: Yeah.

Erin: Mr. Plow did that to me once, when we were playing the Astoria.

What do you appreciate about The Rebel Spell?

Stepha: I'd say the motivation with everybody is pretty stoking... and the feedback.

Erin: I like this band because of the lyrics. And because it's punk. I got tired of my old band 'cause I felt like we were kinda becoming a novelty act, and I sought out a political band and I kinda cheated on my last band (Wretch) with this one.

Stepha: You totally did.

Erin: I had a little affair.

Is there a difference between being in an all-girls band, like Wretch, and a mix?

Erin: The dynamics are totally different. I think we're more mature in this band...

Stepha: In Wretch they'd sit for hours and talk about their hair, and drink-

Erin: Ohh [Laughs]. We were a little randier, maybe. A little raunchier.



On the album "Expression in Layman's Terms" you have a song called Green Soldier that talks about how soldiers are required to follow orders when people should really be thinking for themselves. Is the philosophy the same on your upcoming album, "Days of Rage"?

Erin: We definitely have the same philosophy this time around, if anything it's stronger because we have had a year or two to see the disastrous results of the war and occupation in Iraq. The message of Green Soldier on the last album and Sullied Graves on this album is that we think regular people need to be aware of their accountability when people in power make bad decisions. Whether it's soldiers "just following orders" or people investing in mutual funds without asking where their money is going or people voting for war mongers because they represent "good Christian values", a system where people profit from death and carnage can't exist without massive support. Oh and musically the album totally rocks. Go buy it. Now.

What did you learn from recording this time around? Any advice?

Stepha: We finally learned to play our instruments.

Erin: This time around I didn't engineer. We got my friend Doug Naugler from Fiasco Bros. to do the recording. I'd recommend not engineering your own album. It's too much bloody work.

Was the collaboration process any different?

Erin: I wouldn't say that it was radically different. There was still all of us putting the songs together, but Chris was on an extra productive song-writing binge all year and he even wrote some of the lyrics. Usually that's Todd's department.



When did you start getting into punk music?

Erin: I started going to shows in Victoria when I was fourteen, they were local bands like Goat Boy and Hudson Mack, Black Kronstadt and Render Useless. They'd play the community halls every week...

Stepha: Pretty much the same story. I lived on Gabriola Island and there was nothing but hippie jams, so I started hanging out in Nanaimo.

What's the first song you learned how to play, on guitar?

Erin: First song?

Stepha: Stairway to Heaven.

Erin: Noooo...probably um "You Shook Me All Night Long" by AC/DC.

Stepha: I believe that....

Erin: I rocked that tune.

When did you get your first drum kit?

Stepha: The kit that I have now I bought when I was fourteen.

Wow. It's still holding up?

Stepha: Well, you could say that. I've just been talking about how I have to scrape together some money so I can actually play shows with it. I've only changed my skins once or twice...but it does the job. Barely. The singer's been giving me shit 'cause it's falling apart.

So you guys don't have a jam space, other than that, uh, room downstairs?

Erin: We lost our jam space, but we just got it back and now it's in the house so we can jam every day.

Stepha: Last night was the first jam in the house. We played six songs and I was drenched in sweat. It's so hot down there, and the ceilings are so low Chris can't even stand up...but it was AWESOME! I blistered finally...I haven't done that in a while.



(Days of Rage is out now and you can find copies at Lyle's Place, in Victoria, and on the band's website: www.therebelspell.com)

WEED OLYMPICS

Special Guest Judges

Alcoholic ~~White~~ Trash

We asked the boyz when the first time they smoked the weed was, and here's what they said:



Soylent Gene - I think I was 17 and I walked into Shawinigan Lake with all my clothes on, we smoked through a pipe with no fucking screen and we ate so much burning weed. We smoked like an ounce of weed but it was crappy.

JUDGE - SOYLENT GENE

TYPE OF WEED	APPEARANCE	SMELL	TASTE	POTENCY	BURN	OVERALL	COMMENTS
EVICTION	LOOKS GOOD NOT LEAFY	KILLER SMELL EARNS ITS NAME	NNNNNNNN CCCCCCCC EEEEEE	PRETTY DEADLY	CLEAN WHITE ASH	9	SO FAR THIS IS THE SHIT BUT IT AIN'T OVER YET. WE SMOKED THE WHOLE DAMN THING DOWN TO THE ROACH
JACK HERER	LITTLE WET VIC GOURD & CRYSTAL	SOME SAY IT SMELLS LIKE LIVER & ONIONS	STAYS ON THE PALLET	ME LIKEY PRETTY KILLER ALWAYS BEEN A FAN	BURNS GREAT	8	I WAS ALREADY FRIED NOW I'M WAY MORE FRIED. I'LL PROBABLY BE MORE FRIED LATER BUT PRETTY FUCKIN FRIED. SHIT
BLUEBERRY INDICA	TINY NUGS NOT GREAT	NICE ENOUGH	DON'T LIKE THE TASTE TOO MUCH	DIDN'T NOTICE	MEH... WHATEVER	4	I DIDN'T DIG THIS SHIT TOO MUCH. NOT MUCH TO SAY.
CHAMPAGNE	LIKE IT ALREADY CRYSTALLY	DEADLY	PRETTY FUCKIN' NICE	DAMN!!!	PERFECT	9.7	THESE GUYS DROUGHT IN A RINGER AND THEY SAVED IT FOR LAST. THIS HAS TO BE TRICK I'M HAVING TROUBLE WRITING PRETTY MUCH THE DUMB SHIT.
NORTHERN LIGHTS #5	TIGHT NUGS GOOD CRYSTAL CUTS UP DIG	NOT TO STINKY	DOESN'T LEAVE A TASTE IN MY HOLE	CAUGHT A BUZZ HALFWAY THRU THE JOINT	CLEAN	9.7	NO WEED IS PERFECT I'M RIPPED LIKE THAT TIME AT BAND CAMP 8/10. MY KIDNEY'S HURT, TOO EARLY TO FALL DOWN OR CRAP MYSELF. I CAN FEEL MY LEFT PUPIL DILATE.
MYSTERY MAZAR	AVERAGE CRYSTAL	RANK	TANGY TASTE	AVERAGE GOT VETO'D	DECENT	6	PITY CLAP STUNK LIKE SHIT BEFORE IT WAS ROLLED. NOTHING TO WRITE HOME ABOUT...GLAVEN.

JUDGE - RATBOY ROY

TYPE OF WEED	APPEARANCE	SMELL	TASTE	POTENCY	BURN	OVERALL	COMMENTS
EVICTION	SKINNY BUT NOT BAD	SMELLS LIKE MY CUM SOCKS	YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW IT'S THERE	COUGH! COUGH! FUCK YA!!!	BURNS NICE	8.9	IT'S SUPER-TERRIFIC!
JACK HERER	BURLY WEED	STRONG STINKY	TASTES LIKE IT SMELLS ONLY WORSE	MY HEART IS PALPITATING	NO PROBS	9	IT'S REALLY POTENT. FUCK IT'S ALL GOOD.
BLUEBERRY INDICA	NICE LOOKING WEED	LIKE NICE SMELLING WEED	MUNGY SWEATY NICE	MORE POTENT THAN JAY BROWN'S VIAGRA	BURNT	8	IT'S AN 8 OUT OF 10 ON THE B.C. BUD SCALE
CHAMPAGNE	LIKE AN 18 YEAR OLD HORNY CHICK	LIKE AN 18 YEAR OLD HORNY CHICK	LIKE A 32 YEAR OLD HORNY CHICK	LIKE A 32 YEAR OLD HORNY CHICK	CLEAN	9.2	MYSTERY MAZAR WAS THE ONLY ONE BETTER.
NORTHERN LIGHTS #5	SORTA SEXY	NICE BUT NOT SMELLY ENOUGH FOR ME	LIKE A FIREPLACE SMELLS ONLY NICER	NOT A HARD HIT OFF THE BAT	TOP FUCKEN' NOUCH	8.5	MAYBE I DIDN'T GIVE IT TIME TO WORK BEFORE I SMOKED THE NEXT ONE, OR MAYBE YOUR GAY, BUT IT'S GOOD FOR PARTIES
MYSTERY MAZAR	KINDA LIKE THE FATTY CHICK YOU CAN'T HELP BUT WANNA FUCK	RANK, KINDA LIKE A SMELLY TAT I LOVE IT!	GREAT DRY PULL AND SHE BACKS IT UP HOT!	I'M SWEATIN' SHE'S POTENT	LIKE A FUCK YOU DREAM	9.7	FUCK YEAH! DON'T KNOW WHY I LIKE IT SO MUCH BUT IT'S A WINNER

JUDGE - KNUCKLES

TYPE OF WEED	APPEARANCE	SMELL	TASTE	POTENCY	BURN	OVERALL	COMMENTS
EVICTION	KINDA DRY THE CALYX LOOK LIKE RICE CRISPIES	NOT REALLY THAT MUCH SMELL	NICE AND MELLOW SURPRISING FOR HOW DRY IT WAS	WOKE ME UP WE DIDN'T TEST THESE IN ORDER	FORGOT TO CHECK	8.5	I WAS DOUBTFUL AT FIRST BUT I LIKED THIS ONE
JACK HERER	MASS CRYSTAL LIKE A FUCKIN DIAMOND MOISTY	FUCKIN' BEAUTIFUL MUSKY LIVER AND ONIONS	BURN MY NOSE ON THE WAY OUT SWEET LIKE YOUR MOM'S PUSSY	I DARE YOU TO MAKE BROWNS AND THEN GIVE ME SOME	LOOKS LIKE A TO ME	10	MADE MY HEART POUND FASTER OR THAT COULD HAVE BEEN BECAUSE I NEEDED TO TAKE A MAJOR PISS. I LOVE THIS WEED!
BLUEBERRY INDICA	BAD ENTRY TINY BUDS WHY ARE THEY SO SMALL?	NO SMELL, FUCKIN' WEIRD	DRY AND YUCKY BUT STILL BETTER THAN A ROACH JOINT	DON'T BOTHER	WHO CARES IT'S BUNK SHIT	5	TASTES LIKE I NEED A BEER, I MEAN ANOTHER BEER.
CHAMPAGNE	NICE TIGHT DARK BUDS MUSHY LIKE MUSH WHEN I SQUISHED IT CRYSTALLY	SMELL GOOD LIKE HASHY PINEAPPLE	STRONG MEDICINE I'M SHAKING TASTES LIKE CHAMPAGNE	KILLER	I DROPPED THE JOINT AND BURNT GENE'S COUCH	9.5	GO BUY SOME THEN HOOK ME UP GOOD TO THE LAST TOKE.
NORTHERN LIGHTS #5	TIGHT BUD FAIRLY CRYSTALLY	SWEET CITRUS	NOT BAD I MIGHT COUGH LESS IF I TOOK SMALLER TOKES	FIRST ONE TESTED I'M HIGH BUT I WAS HIGH BEFORE WE STARTED	THE ASH FELL IN MY BEER	7	I LIKED THIS ONE TOO. VERY SMOOTH A GOOD STAPLE
MYSTERY MAZAR	LOOKS OK, FUCK IT, I'LL SMOKE ANYTHING	REMINDS ME OF HOUSEHOLD CLEANER AND CARROTS	SURPRISINGLY GOOD NOW I'M COMING DOWN	NOW I'M COMING DOWN	BURN OUT	6	I'VE NEVER HEARD OF A DRY PULL BEFORE BUT THIS HAS A GOOD ONE, I STILL DIDN'T GUM. NEXT!

This Month's Olympic Champion: CHAMPAGNE

Editors note: I was so fuckin' high at the Olympics that I forgot to take pictures of the weed.

jay brown the non-smoking drummer of a.w.t. called to call us all a bunch of fucking hippies.

o.k. there I was making a nice dinner and drinking a few bottles of red wine, and just having a generally nice evening. Then my roommate mentions that he is going to check out the Weed Olympics and that I am supposed to come over and watch them be retarded and write some shit about it... ya um, no thanks. So the dope fiend wanders off to have a smokeathon which was supposed to pitch the Alcoholic White Trash against the Smoked Out Brainz. For starters I would like to point out to the rest of my band that you are a bunch of traitors you fucking hippies. Alcoholic White Trash, I don't see dope smoking hippie in our name anywhere fellas. Smoked Out Brainz on the other hand, definitely hippies, so much so in fact that they couldn't even get it together enough to show up for the weed olympics... must of been playing their congo drums somewhere. So anyways later that night there I am at home watching t.v. hammered after three bottles of red wine, and Ratboy Roy comes walking in the door so fucking high that he can barely walk. Going on an on about how he hadn't been that high since he was thirteen. I of course turned the video camera on and followed him around like any friend would. Oh of course I forgot that earlier the editor had phoned me asking me to come over to write something for them as well cause they were going to be too high to do it. Well here it is and I didn't even have to be there.... Big Rick rolled a lot of dope, as did Gene-o...you guys smoked all of it... got really fucking high... acted like hippies. Man do I ever wish I had of skipped the yummy dinner and wine and showed up there... fucking hippies with your hippie crack. I could of sworn somebody wanted this magazine to be about punk rock, where's the heron olympics you fucking posers?

EDITORS NOTE: Hey Jay - always remember that the weed is not a drugs. And, I know all about the last time you smoked pot and ended up curled up in the corner freaking out.... You hippylic.

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SHRED SESSION



Annual Skate Contest

Apparently skateboarding has recently reached a plateau... stagnant? The global marketplace seems no longer concerned with the mass-marketing of our beloved activity. Sure there are still signs of exploitation in pop-culture... painfully obvious attempts at catching a child's attention by including a shred-stick in the seconds of a commercial, or within the frame of a major movie... but it seems as though skateboarding's five year cycle of popularity (the typical buy-in, hotspot, buy-out timeframe) has rotated past us once again... or has it?

On May 7th, 2005 the third skateboard contest to hit Vic West was held. VeeDub3. Victoria had skateboarding's back on this day regardless of objective opinion. With any major event (not to mention skate contests) there are always minor glitches to be re-wired, small fires to be put-out, issues to be dealt with (you pick the analogy), but with this year's event displayed a record number of spectators and competitors. The patience, stamina, and skill of all attendees must be noted and commended. The youngest generation proved that they were worthy of their spotlight early in the day with their keen attitudes and their willingness to perform. Good job little buddies! The parental support of this age group was felt and appreciated by all. Next to follow were the skilled up-and-comers and the ladies which also held their own during their slotted timeframe, displaying some charging speed lines and versatile abilities. Even with the heightened pressure to perform the ladies killed it with confidence. More attendees next year please! Last to compete were the boys (men) with honed skill and style. Typically these guys are the last ones to go, anxious to skate, un-polite and disgruntled, but this year held a mutual appreciation for each other's abilities and various methods of attack. Nearly nobody was snaked during these heats. Unfortunately, due to time, the last competitors were robbed of the proper extra-time that they deserved... indeed their abilities gave the exhausted spectators something to holler about. The skills on display not only provided the fuel to complete the contest's running, it also gave the extra stoke to burn the event straight down! The judges had their work cut out for them all throughout the day, but this specific heat was unusually challenging to rank. While results can be found online at www.coastalbc.com name-games are irrelevant within this article. Everybody ripped. VeeDub pride was in full effect!

When North American board-sales figures are pushed aside, pop-culture's wavering interest shuffled, one can note the undeniable interest and the support given by so many here locally. The love given by The City of Victoria, The Community Centre Network, local skateshops, local businesses, Canadian skate-distribution firms, voluntary judging crew, spectators, and lastly the skaters themselves should stand paramount to the devotion to skateboarding's roots, current existence, and growth.

Apparently skateboarding has recently reached a plateau... stagnant?

Apparently not here in Victoria.

- Jimmy Miller

Keegan, Harvey & Jamer
photographer Kurtis Gramchuk



Most destroyed board earns a new one.
Photo: Kurtis Gramchuk



Jonathan Riechart (bowl blast)
photographer Randy Kirk,



Keegan Sauder (large frontside air)
Photographer: Randy Kirk.

Into It & Over It

Into It: consistent enjoyable music (thanks to Degree1 & Squantos),

Over it: uncontrollable technical difficulties (thanks to cosmos karma).

Into It: creepy awkward people coming out of hiding to skate and session,

Over It: creepy awkward people coming out of hiding to harass, intimidate, and belittle.

Into It: boozin' offsite (afterparty),

Over It: boozin' onsite (it's a youth week event... figure it out).

Into It: VeeDub pride (localism that evokes stoke and pushes people further on their skating),

Over It: VeeDub pride (localism that excuses theft, poor sportsmanship and a thug mentality).

Into It: Old Dogs category (the devoted skaters that display their roots with skill and style),

Over It: No Old Dogs category (due to lack of time, poor turnout and shortage of AA counseling).

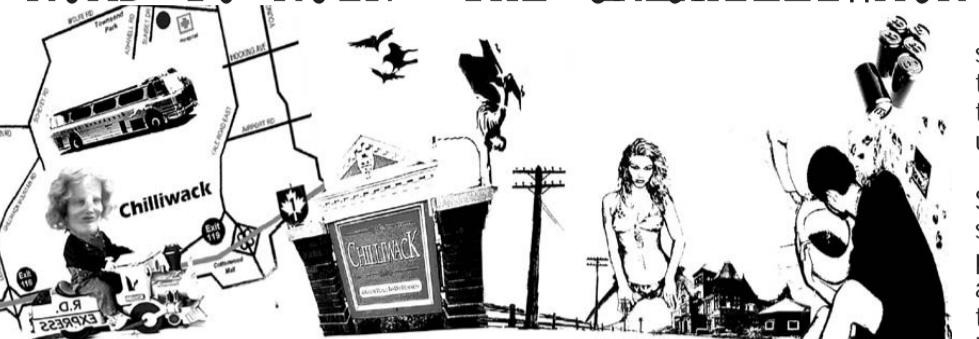
Into It: the Shibs, Keg Killers, Jules1, Degree1 & Squantos holding down at the afterparty,

Over It: early shows.

- Into It: VeeDub Annual 4

SHRED SESSION

'ROAD TO RUIN: THE GREAT CHILLIWACK ATTACK OF 1989' PART 1



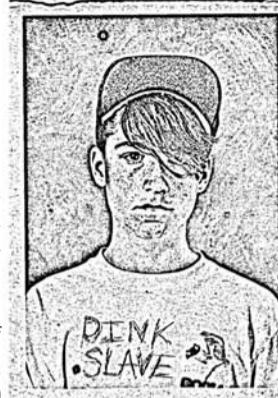
So, this was supposed to be an article about the May 8th skate contest @ VDUB - But I wasn't paying attention. I don't remember who landed what on what or who won what category - Actually that's not entirely true - I know Jamer stole the show with mad style and sick tricks like a massive f/s ollie in the bowl and method air over the hip - Lars landed everything including a burley fakie to nose blunt f/s grab back in, in the bowl. But since I don't remember other results, I'll let Jimmy fill you in. What's left? Well, I could just bitch about how bad I skated but I don't need to spend any more time bitching - Since we're already talking about contests and skating, I'll just reminisce about another contest - a real street contest - one that happened a long time ago, way back in 1989 in a little city called Chilliwack.

Chilliwack is the name of a band that was fucking huge back in the 80's - they wrote that song, "gone, gone, gone, she been gone so long" - catchy huh? It's also a small city 100 k. east of Vancouver and (hold on) where the band Chilliwack is from! For a few years in a row, from 86 to 90, the skaters from Chilliwack hosted a big street contest that attracted riders from all over BC. My good friend Runaway Jay had gone before and suggested we go and represent the Island. Within a few hours word had spread about the contest and soon a whole crew were making plans to go. Jay was with a crew who had a car and planned to go a day early to 'help with the contest set up' - which is another way to say 'get shit faced for free'. Car-fags included Jay, Ian, Rob (Bawky) and Jordie. My crew planned to take the bus to the ferry, transfer in Vancouver onto a Greyhound to Chilliwack. On the bus was Hans Fear (RIP), Andrew Morrison, Free Jak and Me, Jake. Here's how the weekend went down.

Friday - Haner, Andrew, Free and I ride a bunch of buses and a boat to Chilltown. Not much to look out the window except farmland and the occasional unicorn. As the sun sets we arrive at Jay's buddies house to find contest weekend festivities in full swing. It seems the dudes in C-Town know how to make out-of-towners feel welcome and The Car-Fags have been drinking for two days straight at this great 3 story party house. Unfortunately Bawky, feeling especially welcome, has drunk himself into the emergency room with the worst case of alcohol poisoning I've ever seen. Back from the hospital but still suffering, we find him in a room by himself - lights off - shaking and dry-heaving into a bowl full of fresh bile. He tells us he'll be fine for the contest if he can just sleep for a few hours. We leave him be and try to catch up. Chilliwack skaters are just stoked to have other riders around and our first night in town rules. They've taken care of everything, including girls. When we showed up it was like Dave Hackett says in DogTown, "if you were part of the session you were a full-on punk-rock star!" And these girls believed the hype. But not all of us were looking to get laid. Hans spent the entire night in the basement drawing on a wall without permission - creating another masterpiece that only 20 people ever got a chance to see. Bawky just kept mock-vomiting and saying he'd be better in the morning, his beet-red face popping out from under a shit stained sleeping bag every 2 minutes to puke again - rough. I had a girlfriend at home and a contest to rock the next day, so I



STREET COMPS BACK IN THE EIGHTIES WERE SO RAD. HERE TWELVE YR. OLD JAMER THROWS DOWN A MIDDLE FINGER METHOD WHILE STREET INVERT KING DAN WIZE HITS VERT Q-PIPE. ISLAND SURF COMP EIGHTY SIX.



by jake warren

spent the night in the boiler room doing hot-yoga in a thong while watching 'Future Primitive' in slow motion, twice. Single dudes Freestyle, Jay and Andrew all hooked-up.

Saturday - Morning comes and Bawky is still a piece of sick shit. Somehow we get him in the car - he's got a plastic bag so it's cool. We get to the contest around 10 and it's packed - with every hot chick and skate-punk in town coming by to check it out. It's being held at an old bus station downtown, complete with a loading dock and countless parking dividers - perfect for a real street contest. Other obstacles included a cool little blast ramp to wall for wall rides, a launch ramp to launch off of, a steep-ass quarter pipe w/ a hole in it, a couple of pallets to ollie over and what any real ghetto street contest needs, a shitty spray-painted car parked right in the middle of the course for people to destroy. Everyone starts to hit up the spot, figuring out their contest lines. Hans refused to enter the contest for political reasons and was off raiding gardens for lunch. Bawky can't find the strength and heads straight to the contest car. Even with skaters smashing into it every 10 seconds, he manages to fall asleep in the backseat, his puke bag tucked under his arm like an greasy old teddy bear protecting him from some pre-adolescent evil. Rad road trip bro, thanks for comin out.

After 4 hours of snaking lines, the shop sponsored guys finally got their chance to ride. All of us touring guys did well, our strict street upbringing making good use of the course. Boneless, ollies and blast-ramp method airs, all done at speed with style and good-looks. I gotta tell ya though, and I'm not lying, the best skating on the day came from Free and yours truly. Free had his monster ollie-grabs, long board slides and flat-land shit working, landing just about everything he tried. I was styling out never ending g-turns, big blast ramp airs and back-side boneless on the quarter. When we'd all had our 2 runs it was announced that Free and I had tied for 1st. place and would need to skate again, at the same time, to decide the winner. Instantly we became bitter enemies and started to flail around the course, each looking for that one new trick to add to our lines that would raise the bar enough to end this gnarly war of super radness. I had been hitting the wall ride all day and landing it but hadn't tried it in either of my runs. Now the ramp up had a big hole in it - Then I got the idea to go right up the middle and come out fakie, avoiding the hole - this would be my trick to take the gold from that stupid jerk Freestyle. With both my legs cramping I landed 2 in a row. If I could pull it in my run and land everything else I was sure I'd win. I don't know what Free was doing - taking Bawky's pulse or something - but just then they announced that upon further review, I had a higher score, I was announced champion and the coolest guy ever. I think everyone, including the judges, just wanted the contest to be over so they could start partying - Free wanted to choke and die but didn't and congratulated me instead. Just then one of the local shop guys tells me for first place I was allowed to pick out the board of my choice at the local skateshop. I had never won a contest before so I was beyond stoked. But that wasn't all I'd won. According to this guy (we'll call him Dave) some local hottie, who happens to be a model just home from Japan (we'll call her Lisa) has been checking me out all day and has, no fucking joke, been telling all her friends that she also comes with first place. Where? Where is she? I'm scared! Shit! "There" he says, "the cutie with the brown bob cut and summer dress swilling Old E" There she was by the judges table with all her friends. Picture a sluttier 16 yr. old brown-haired Meg Ryan. This shit isn't possible. It's like one of those coming of age teen romp flicks coming true and that doesn't happen. Just then Bawky emerges, alive from his den of pain and stink. For someone who almost died from drinking he looks good. He's here to party and just in time to start his Saturday night. As we discuss the Chilliwack bush party and some rumour of a house with a fucking ramp to ride, Lisa the model drives up by herself. Fresh off the plane from Japan, and in daddy's ride, she rolls down her window to tell me she's been sent from God to make all my road trip fantasies come true - but first she's gotta go home and change.

Part 2 - 'The Night of Nights' - Next Issue.
Bawky is alive.

ROAD TRIP FACT SHEET

1. BAWKY'S NICKNAME - Hans always thought Rob looked like Rocky Denis - The deformed kid from the movie 'Mask'. Rob = Rocky = Bawky = Bawky Den.

2. VOMIT STATS - According to Bullshit Stats USA, the average male can vomit a 1/4 of his weight before he should seek medical attention.

from the vaults of shock corridor cinema...

ABSOLUTE HORROR

Locating The Edge in Tobe Hooper's
The Texas Chainsaw Massacre.

Most of us are too young to remember a time when the horror film actually mattered, an era when horror lived up to its name as an extreme genre, one that provided chills and thrills through excess and disturbing themes. In recent years the American horror film has become less about terror and more suited as an extension of the thriller genre, perhaps only differentiated by its use of a monster who is stitched together out of signifiers that emerge from previous films of the genre. The current trend in horror pastiche, marked by revisiting older works (Gus Van Sant's Psycho, the rather dull recent remake of The Texas Chainsaw Massacre, as examples) suggest the studios are willing to create a buzz surrounding films from horror's golden era (they assure healthy return at the box office) but compromise the very ingredients that gave the American Horror film its notorious reputation for scaring the shit out of viewers. This is due, in part, to the conservative marketing of youth culture in contemporary culture, secured by narratives that generally promote consumption rather than critical thinking. Contributing to this trend is a post 9-11 climate that has, at least in theory, squandered 90s irony and has abandoned references to "the spectacle" of realism; studio films now appear to be less directly about special effects and grandiose tragedy, opting to be more rooted in the "real" material world of the everyday. Certainly there are always exceptions to such rules, yet even the highly charged, clearly constructed violence of Tarantino's Kill Bill is executed without irony.

It is this current wave of touchy, feely conservatism that provides insight and additional appreciation of horror's past, specifically those films produced throughout the 1960s and into the early part of the 1970s. It is throughout this brief period that the American Horror film represented the bastion of critical genres, confronting everything and anything the dominant culture seemed to hold dear. Nothing was free from critique as such films as Psycho (1961) Night of the Living Dead (1968), The Exorcist (1973) and The Texas Chainsaw Massacre (1974) so clearly illustrate. Canadian film historian Robin Wood suggests this period in the genre was marked by a relentless apocalyptic tone, one which would speak to post-Vietnam disillusionment and a youth culture that no longer trusted their government, nor for that matter, anyone from a previous generation. Moreover, according to Wood's essay An Introduction to the American Horror Film (1974), these films work to open the flood gates of "surplus repression" (anything viewed as deviant by mainstream society) to the point where they manifest beyond any institutional control.

For the first time in American cinema sacred institutions such as the church, police, the suburban family and the judicial system are represented as incapable of controlling the values the bourgeoisie maintain in the interest of their own comfort and levels of material consumption. Conformity was implicitly envisioned by these films as monstrous, the very thing that makes a society malignant and imbalanced. Stated differently, these films locate the horror in the every day, while simultaneously questioning its "normalcy." As such, this ideological shift is marked by monsters who no longer come from "out there" (i.e. space creatures of 1950s sci-fi horror, symbolic of a communist threat and easily dispatched by the final reel) but rather, "from here" (e.g. the suburbs, the church, the family) and are consequently unstoppable because, simply put, the monster is symbolically, "us." Such ideological contradiction/conflict marks these films with thematic dread and thus work to fuck with viewer's expectations, not simply through gore but most notably through implication. An additional feature of this paradigm is a lack of harmonious closure: the monsters of these films are not easily contained and tend to live beyond the film's conclusion, giving rise to ideological contradictions that are not resolved.

This narrative model is perhaps most apparent in Tobe Hooper's, The Texas Chainsaw Massacre and is why the film both baits us into repeated viewings and has gained its notorious reputation as "unwatchable" throughout the past 30 years - a misguided claim given the absence of extreme gore and the visibility blood throughout most of the film. It stands to reason that the film disturbs on levels that are much more subtle than the images we see of Leatherface wielding his chainsaw at "innocent" teenagers. In keeping with Wood's analysis of apocalyptic horror, the TCM symbolically suggests one of the most striking contradictions of Western capitalism: the rich live off the backs of the poor, vis a vis, the labour of the working class. It is by no coincidence that the Sawyer family turns monstrous both, as a result of their "inhumane" work, and more significantly, once their labour at the slaughterhouse is replaced by automated machines. It is here that much of the family's motivation for killing and taste for cannibalism is explained and gives rise to the horrific sequences that follow the Hitchhiker's debate with the invalid Franklin about the more "effective" way to slaughter cattle. While an alternative case can be made for the film's questionable representation of the working class (i.e. country bumpkin as Other/Monsterous), it should be remembered that the teenagers in this film are clearly middle class and symbolically stand in as the film's marker of class privilege (at one point in the film it is even suggested that Franklin's grandfather sold cattle to the slaughterhouse, further suggesting that his family is, in large part, responsible for the evil that lurks within rural Texas - not even Franklin's disability (he is paralyzed from the waist down) can gain the sympathy of the film's critical discourse).

The notion of workers turning monstrous as a result of a system that treats their labour as disposable/expendable has become more palpable in the past twenty years as Western corporations have amplified disenfranchisement of the working class by exploiting cheap labour and materials from overseas. It is in the opinion of this film geek that horror film is most significant and much more disturbing to its viewers when the monstrous is in some way connected to, or produced by, the social world; it is here where abject terror resides and is why such recent fare as the Texas Chainsaw Massacre remake comes off as extremely vacuous.

As with all interesting films of the genre, there is, much to be taken from the visual landscape of TCM. The camera's wide angle pans of rural Texas is, at once sublime while simultaneously dislocating to the viewer as the farmland appears both desolate and mysterious. The use of natural daylight throughout most of the film's first half also places the viewer in unfamiliar territory given that darkness has become synonymous with the horror film ever since the German Expressionist movement of the 1920s. Without giving too much away to potential newcomers of the film, daylight also plays a significant role in the passage of time, which, once revealed, subverts our expectations and orientation around how much time it takes Leatherface to dispatch the entourage of snooty-hippie (read: middle class) teens. Additionally, the absence of low key music throughout the film becomes a significant mark of the TCM's unique ability to put the viewer off kilter as Leatherface's chainsaw amounts to a buzzing cacophony no orchestra or composer could match both in terms of suspense and release.

The clever use of minimal, low economic film techniques coupled with the film's radical ideological position(s) place The Texas Chainsaw Massacre in a category reserved for those films that find themselves imitated and subsequently butchered by zealous studios trying to turn the quick coin. In the mind of this film geek Tobe Hooper's Texas Chainsaw Massacre should be considered "the Citizen Kane of horror films."

-Alan Kollins

Shock Corridor Cinema runs (for the most part) every second Tuesday at the fifty fifty arts collective. Please see the fifty fifty web site for all program info: thefiftyfifty.org

Upcoming Shock Corridor Programs: June 7th. 9pm. Rainer Werner Fassbinder's In A Year Of 13 Moons (1978). And do check out A Terribly Vulgar Program of Horror Film Oddities screening every Tuesday throughout July. Titles include: A Living Hell (Shugo Fujii, 2000); Vampyr (Carl Dreyer, 1932); Eaten Alive (Tobe Hooper, 1977).

Chicks IN THE PIT

by CLAIRE WESTBY



Wet & Wild at the Gwar Show!

Claire throws down
at a local all-ages
Hardcore show...



Emily the Strange

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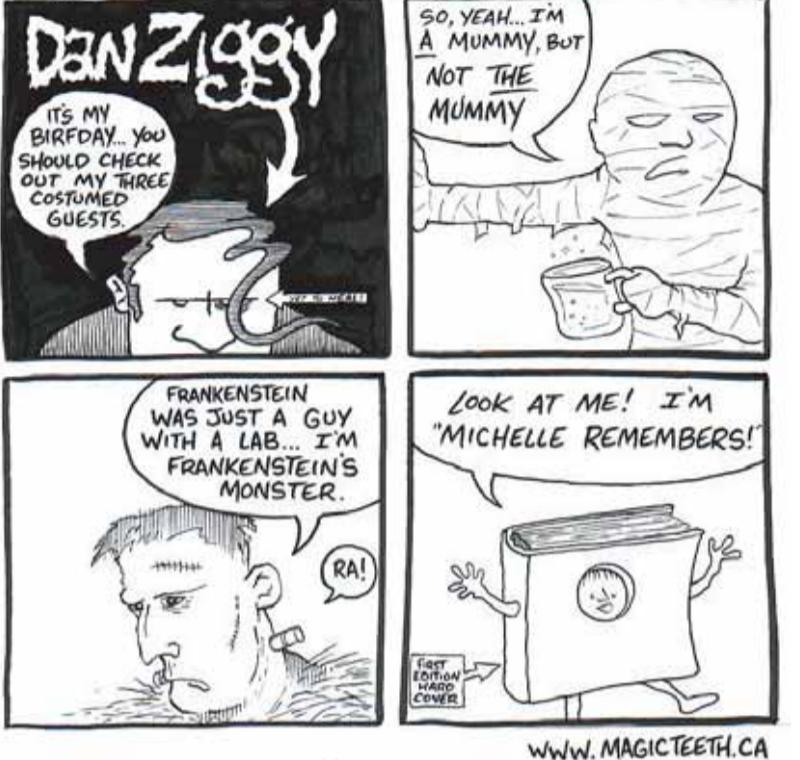
Since I started going to hardcore shows almost a decade ago, I have admired the tough chicks who would throw down in the pit with the rest of the crew, and it wasn't until the past few years that I joined the ranks of my fellow moshaholics. And I'm not alone: while we are few in numbers, most pits I've been in along the coast of BC and the US have at least one girl in them, and the larger the pit, the more girls you'll see.

It can be a challenge for a girl to jump in to the pit for the first time, what with all the big beefy arms and legs swinging in what can appear to be a chaotic manner, especially for smaller girls, but once you get used to the rhythm, and get to know people at shows, it's much easier, and people look out for one another. I started off hopping on pile-ons for sing-a-longs, and slowly built up to trying out moves in the pit. It would have been way harder to work up to that if it weren't for mosh practice. A bunch of us would get together, turn on some Everybody Gets Hurt or Champion, and after a quick warm up and stretch, we'd practice moves we'd seen on videos like Guerilla Warfare or at other shows. We started with the basics, like "picking up change" or "floor-punching", and then moved into the two-step, cartwheels, basic kicks, and spin kicks. One day we even had some friends who teach Martial Arts come over to show us some basic but impressive-looking moves, and instruct us in proper stretching techniques so we wouldn't get hurt, because sprained muscles are not posi.

Once I had a few moves under my belt, I couldn't wait for the next show to pull some moves during the breakdowns. There is nothing like seeing your favourite band giving it wicked hard and being able to tear it down in the pit to show your appreciation. And moshing at shows is a sure-fire way to avoid that awful lower-back pain you can get from standing at a show for three hours with your arms crossed, looking like you're having no fun. Let's get more clit in the pit, ladies, see you there.

COMICS

Magic TEETH — by gareth evan

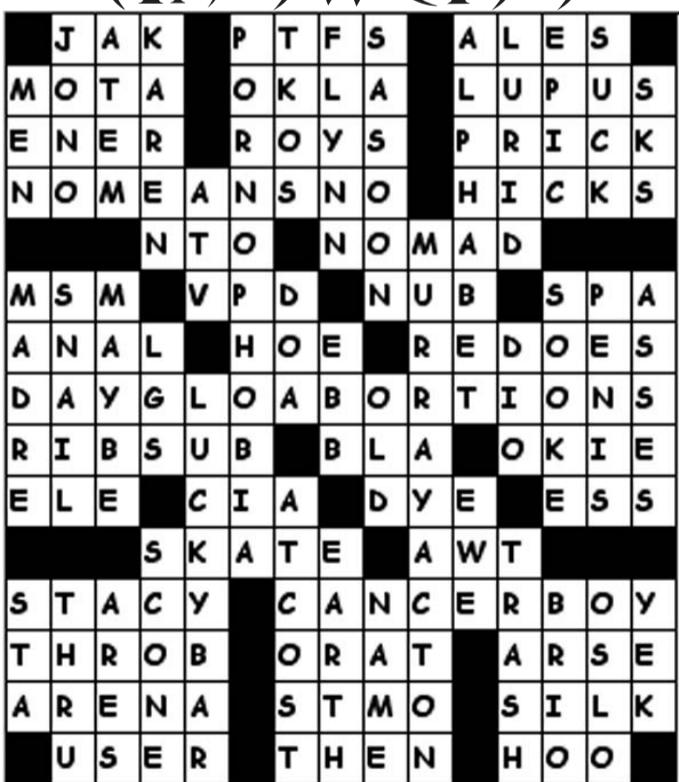


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-RANDY CHAOS '0

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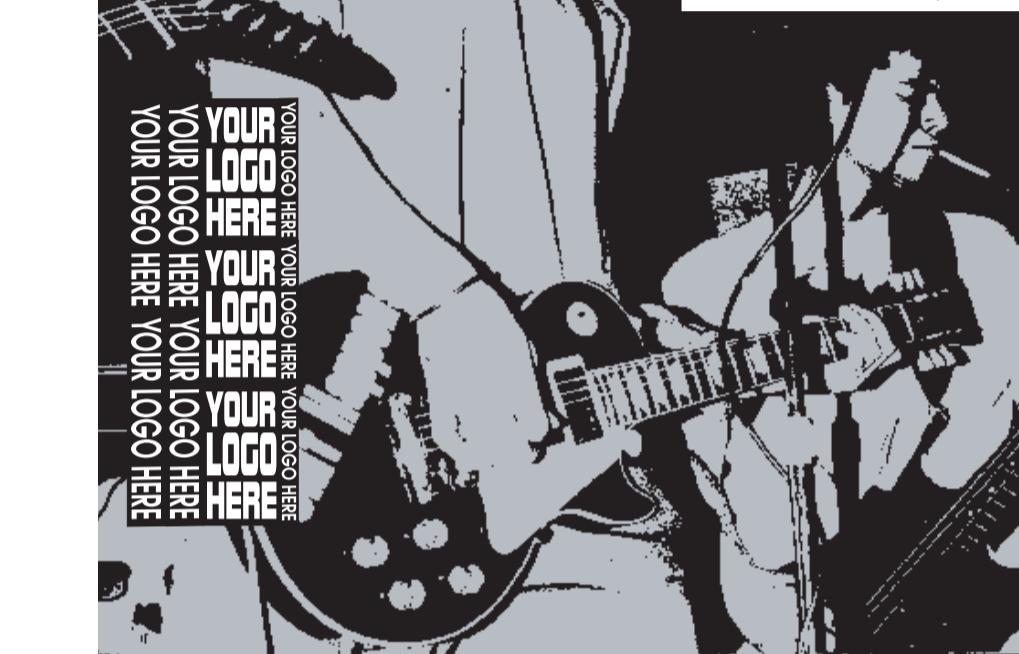
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